

SECRET

M A G A Z I N E

Issue N°12

Special
Marquis de Sade

Victorian
Corsets

Interview
Mistress Julie

The history of
S&M in Japan

Manual for slaves

Der Klinik

The international
Fetish/SM scene

Sex Machines
by Axterdam

Introduction
to anal sex

Role reversal

Pictures by
Craig Morey
Barbara Nitke
Trevor Watson
Todd Friedman
Jacques Leurquin

The Lure of Bondage

The story of Mr. Blowup

I am a slave of my own will



FETISH PHOTO ANTHOLOGY

volume

2

Photo: Housik Randall - collection DeMask

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Cover by Todd Friedmann

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All letters, subscriptions, advertising and information:

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EDITORIAL

The power of the fetish is incalculable, so much so that merely thinking of it or conjuring it up by fancy suffices to excite and gratify the bondage devotee who finds his or her erotic "kick" in leather, animal substances like hides or hair, inanimate objects such as cords, whips, ropes, handcuffs, gags, chains and the like. Indeed, so suggestively powerful are such objects that the bondage devotee may not even touch them and yet derive sexual pleasure therefrom. Psychiatry in the days of Krafft-Ebing held these to be aberrations, resulting from "*sickness of the mind*." Today we are not quite so sure. In fact there is a big discussion on the interferences of neurones on our sexual behaviour.

There is probably no one living who is not affected in one way or another by some fetish. In the natural selection of woman by men, this man may find his sexual admiration most incited by the female's long, shimmering hair, or the curve of a calf, or the jut of a buttock or breast; or again, by the vibrancy of the voice and what it implies and connotes. It is when sexual fulfilment can be achieved only by the presence or the imagined presence of the bondage fetish or object (about which is drawn a world of imagery and stimuli) that the individual may be said to be afflicted pathologically. In such instances, he or she does not even require the presence of a victim for the imposition of bondage. Sublimation, one of the most powerful of all emotional "self-starters," as very often enchants and gratifies the devotee of bondage. Perhaps by reading a single paragraph in which perhaps the heroine of a wagon train is seized by marauding Indians, bound and dragged off through the wilderness by them, will arouse all the imaginative lust of the bondage addict.

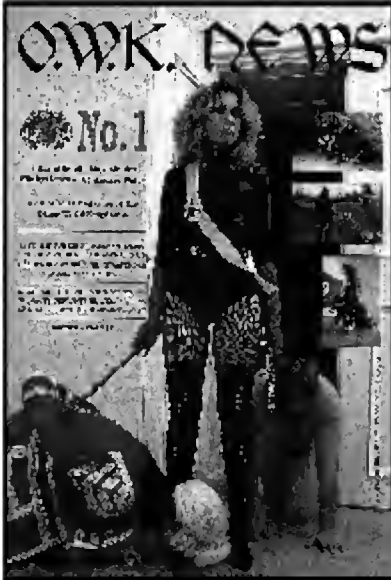
But going farther into the physical realm, we define our terms by sadism and masochism. The first being the urge to force submission: the latter being the urge to submit to that coercion. Undoubtedly the female who enjoys bondage by her husband or lover or even casual boyfriend, subconsciously is linked with the female who, in the classical rape-syndrome, rationalizes that once she is overpowered by someone of superior strength, she cannot therefore be responsible for "moral sin." So too with masochistic male/female who allows the dominant to bind him/her in constricting poses, which render the body suggestively vulnerable to the whip or rape. The exquisite suspense and psychical anguish which it undergoes after being so fettered is often to them even more sexually gratifying than coitus or orgasm themselves. For many a sadist, therefore, just as with the masochist "victim," the mere act of imposing fetters will be enough to bring about complete climax and gratification. In this issue, we shall not dwell upon the pathological individual who is compelled to inflict bondage before he or she can achieve carnal satisfaction. But in view of the enormous literature available on this complex subject, we suggest that husband and wife, or lovers, may often utilize the imaginative aspects of bondage by way of a variation of a theme of lovemaking to fulfilment.

Jürgen Boedt

I'm a slave of my own creation, and I love it.

INFOS

by J Jürgen Boedt



The Other World Kingdom

Have they gone completely mad or are they absolutely genius? They have created a complete independent state where the Women rule. The men just live there to serve them, the O so absolute divine Mistresses. They ask for tax-money so as they can live their luxurious lives and you slaves work and serve them. They have a national flag, a state symbol, a Queen, and so on. Are you laying on the ground laughing your head off, or are you taking paper and pen to write to them? I would advise you, if you are interested, to order their magazine (yes, they have that as well...) and read it. They claim not to be a club where you stay for just an hour, this is for real. When you enter, it's for a lifetime. You give all your belongings to the Queen, are you getting the picture? So, all interested slaves that are to become property of the sublime Lady Patricia de Gifford, write to: The Other World Kingdom, P.O.Box 3A, 76312 Vizovice, Czech Republic, Europe. Price: 45DM

Quimby's Queer Store

This is probably the best 'Zine store in Chicago, and if I should believe some people, the best in the USA. Specialists in the importation, distribution and sale of unusual publications, aberrant periodicals,

saucy comic booklets and assorted fancies. If you are ever in Chicago, pay them a visit. It's worth it. Or just ask for their mailorder catalog, but I've heard you have to go there to really appreciate Quimby's.

Quimby's Queer Store, 1328, N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60622, USA.

Redemption

This fanzine for the "sexually adventurous and alternative" is getting better and better with every issue. Mistress Xandria is actually starting off with a new lifestyle and started up Network Marketing. She's a woman with a destiny, she knows what she wants and in the few moments I have spent with her, I have felt a strong will and strength beyond belief. She needs some help, like everybody to start, so I'm asking ALL my friends, and readers to contact her, and try to help her. I'm counting on you, ok? Give it your best shot. **Redemption, P.O.Box 54063, Vancouver, British Columbia, V7Y 1B0, Canada.** Fax: 604.264.8692. Email: redemption@pacificgroup.net Subscriptions are \$15 for 4 issues.

DOMINATIN' FEVER SUCKER

That's the name of the brand new EP released by the artist Susi Medusa Gottardi. She has been drawing some powerful erotic scenes for some time now and as she became a successful artist, she now explores this new area: music. The record is more of a statement, a cry out from a powerful woman with a quest. It's my opinion she loves to be admired and talked about. I also believe this comes natural to her, she doesn't have to fake it, and that is what makes her quite unique. I advise you to buy the record and listen to a voice, a voice of a woman with a future. Record can be obtained at **Octopus Music and Video, c/o National Records, Via Cicognini 3, 25126 Brescia, Italy.** (mention Secret...)



© Susi Medusa Gottardi - self portrait and cover of the record.

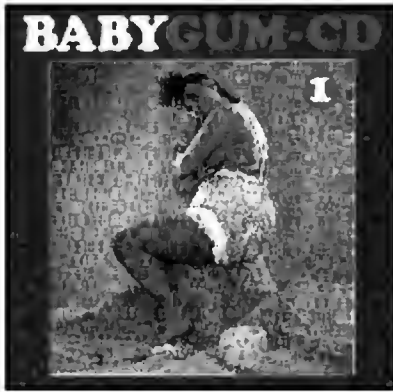
Multiple Orgasmic states for our one hour?

What's this all about? Well, it's about **Ishtara** "self training" of men's genital muscles, so that you're able to "keep it up" longer. Are you having any problems? Order your information and tape at the following address: **Ishtara Seminars, 454 Las Gallinas Ave. Suite 142, San Rafael, CA 94903-3518, USA.** Price: US\$20

Böse Geschichten & schmutzige Fotos

I would have bought it just for the cover! ~smile. This book, in German, is filled with stories and some very good pictures. The SchlagZeilen team did it again. Good quality reading of the highest quality. Chapeau! **SchlagZeilen, P.O.Box 304199, 20324 Hamburg, Germany.**





BABY GUM CD-rom

This is the first interactive CD-rom (in English/German) with over 500 pictures, contacts and clothing for adult babies. Price 89 DM (about \$60US) Contact K.K.Lange verlag, P.O.Box 1242, 75302 Neuenbürg, Germany.



© Gérard Musy

Wild Designs

Judy Wild, creator of Wild Designs has a new catalogue out with electric blue, bronze and silver pvc clothing. It's stunning and it looks great. Wholesale orders and mailorder from: Wild Designs, 1 Chesnut Road, London SE27 9EZ, England. Fax: 0181.766.68.96

DAVO

This is what I like. Artists with a twist. Artists who are creative and interesting. Davo has been creating envelopes with "strange art" for over 20 years now. They're wonderful. Check him out at <http://www.moonsite.com/davo> or write to Davo, 24 Parway South, New London, Connecticut 06320, USA.



PORNART

Dahmane is a photographer well known to the collectors of "porn" material. He's now shot a selection of pictures with Cloé des Lysses, where she penetrates her vagina/anus with all kinds of objects, ranging from a pencil to a Coca Cola bottle. It's a mingle of "hardcore with aesthetic". It's probaly also fetish... Perfectly bound book, 72 pages. Published by Alixe. Distribution: La Musardine, 122 Rue du Chemin Vert, 75011 Paris, France. Price: 199FF



Fetish & Fantasy

Nicely done premier issue that promotes nurses, nannies, maids, naughty adultschoolgirls, submissive male slaves, and other devotees of domestic bondage/discipline. Price: \$10US. Write to: A&E Lawrence, Box V 70 MountDruitt Village, New South Wales, 2770 Australia.

Free information?
Free party dates?
Free pictures?
Free artgallery's?
Free interviews with
mistresses?
Comme and see!

[Http://www.SecretMag.com/](http://www.SecretMag.com/)

FETISH FA MILY

Started out in 1994 and have held several fetish parties. More information on this address. Fetish Family, c/o Levine, ö. Majorsg.4a, 41308 Gothenburg, Sweden. <http://www.algonet.se/~levine/fetishfamily.html>



Drawing of Maltese

THE ART OF DISCIPLINE

If you have ever looked for drawings of smacked bottoms, then you just have to see this book. It's an incredible collection and will rarely be equaled. Nearly 600 exquisite images from the golden age of disciplinary illustration. Presented in a big 210 page, hardback book, this is a must. Get your copy now from Daisy Publications, P.O.Box 49, Bexhill on Sea, East Sussex, TN39 3BZ, England. Phone/fax: 01424.845018. Price: £42/\$70US. Mention Secret....



A drawing from Herrie

EUROPERVE



As usual Steve English and staff (now over 50!) is bringing us the best of fetish. They put on outstanding shows, entertain us for the whole night and at the same time have fun themselves. They even make some money out of all this. The crowd this year was again dressed in the most fabulous costumes and with Karin Wit as our own Super Woman, what can go wrong? Absolute Danny was a smash hit with her blow up breasts and I'm certain we'll hear

more from her in the years to come.

The next Europerve is on the 24th May 1997. So if this information gets to you on time, reserve your place! Demask, Zeedijk 64, Amsterdam 1012 BA, Holland.

All pictures by Black Box Studio - Etienne Braun

EROS ARCHIVES

They stock approximately over 8000 titles adult paperbacks, books,... all of the 1950's and 60's. They also carry an extensive stock on the 1970's and early 80's on bondage related titles published by House of Milan, Harmony, Belier Press etc. They also buy your old magazines for a good price. So, if you've discovered that Grandma has the entire Atomage collection in one of her trunks in the attic, go and get it... and send it to me. ~smile.

Eros Archives, 5708 Cahuenga Blvd. North Hollywood, CA 91601-2191, USA. Tel: 818.760.6463 - email: exvbooks@netcom.com



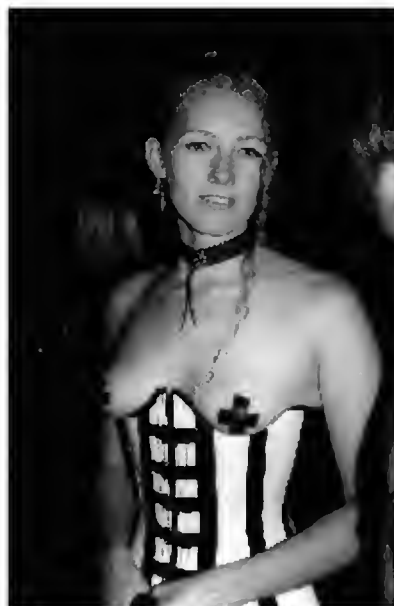
SLICK

They organise parties and gatherings where you can express your fetish. Based in San Francisco they have a floating dance party held in different locations and dates are only released from one event to the next, or by insiders. More info on: 415.536.9424 or at <http://www.sirius.com/~calyn/slick.html>

Club El Chalet

This sunny SM club will be reopening it's dungeon doors in early 1997. Club El Chalet, Cortijo Mestanza, 29130 Alhaurin de la Torre, Malaga, Spain. Tel/fax: 34.5.241.1063

[Http:// www.SecretMag.com/](http://www.SecretMag.com/)



Le Slick c'est chic



Music for Bondage Performance 2"

The CD "Music for Bondage Performance 2" is available from Extreme, P.O.Box147, Preston 3072 Victoria, Australia. Reference: XCD

Contact Centre

A world wide friendship agency for dominants, subs and fetishists. ContactCentre, BCM Cuddle, London WC1V 6XX, England

EURO PHA NTA SMA

This "School of Domination" where several different sessions are available, has changed address. Now you can find them at: 204 Rue WaltherJ amar, 4430 Ans. Telephone: 041.46.52.14034.



The Tribal Aesthetic

Publisher Jim Ward is the father of PFIQ and has brought us, issue after issue, a magazine with good pictures and intelligent piercing information. PFIQ stands for quality, that much can be said. This magazine is one of the best in it's field, so if you are looking for information on how, where and when, get it now. PFIQ, 537, Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114-2511, USA. Cover: Baaba by Todd Friedman

[Http:// www.SecretMag.com/](http://www.SecretMag.com/)



Parfums Mécaniques

Gilles Berquet, the prodigious French photographer, has struck again. A newbook, called "Parfums Mécaniques" is out and edited (again) by Jean-Pierre Faur. You can order your copy at good bookstores or directly from Galerie Les Larmes D'Eros, 58 Rue Amelot, 75011 Paris, France.



B O D Y P L A Y

If you read BODY PLAY means nothing to you, then you probably don't know Fakir Musriqali. He is the master of Body Play and probably responsible for the piercing craze now sweeping Europe. Besides being an intriguing person he is also a publisher. You'd never guess in what? Body Play. Yep. But what is Body Play? "It is the deliberate, ritualized modification of the human body. It is a deep rooted, universal urge that seemingly "transcends time and

cultural boundaries" states Fakir. He's bundled his best material together first published in Body Play magazines. This book is fabulous. The contents include body sculpting, branding, scarification, tattoos as jewellery, body discipline, piercing, Spirit of Ball dance...and much, much more.

Get your copy now from: Insight Books, P.O.Box2575, Menlo Park, California,94026-2575, USA.

Payne Manor & Mistress Cassandra

I am a professional and lifestyle dominatrix and have some 15 years of experience, located in beautiful Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on your stunning magazine, but also to advise your readers of "Payne Manor", my state-of-the-art dungeon facility which is available to select kinky couples and singles for B+B (bed and breakfast). It features 3 large dungeons rooms, 18 custom built pieces of "dangerous furniture" and over 300 implements of discipline and control. I have a trained chef on staff to see to my guests culinary needs, and my staff of submissive males and females are available for my guests amusement. As well, I myself am on hand, should guests require the ministrations of a beautiful, world-class dominatrix. Picture is of a "typical evening entertainment at Payne Manor". Copyrights: Krysjan Harris.



Marquis: the fetish Fantasy Magazine

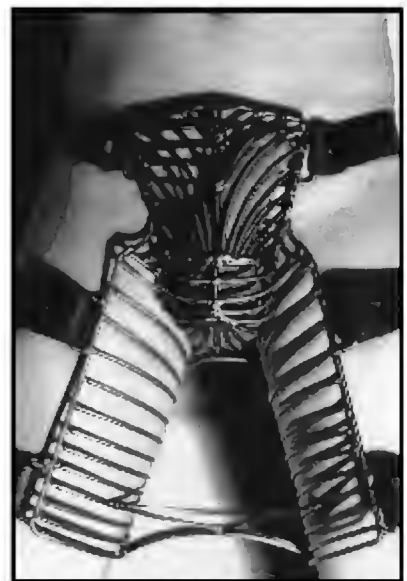
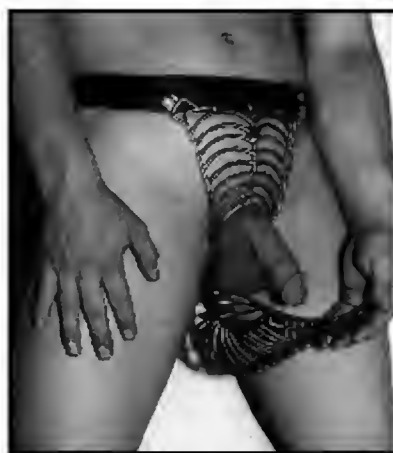


They did it again! With the latest issue, Marquis is getting better and better. Who can say this cover isn't fetish? No doubts when you see a cover like this one.... absolutely fabulous! They are now available in French, English and German, the only fetish magazine to do this, although the French issue is on test. The contents are international and good, but I would prefer see more of the covergirl inside,

because this is the only picture you will see of her. I wonder why? I know Mr. Czernich made a video for Rubber Disciple N°3 at the same time, so probably we'll see more of her in there... Hmmm. Available from Secret in English or French. See our mailorder section in the back of the magazine.

Chastity Cock Cages

I flashed when I saw these! Beautifully designed by Fetters & Mr. S., these handmade pieces are a work of art. All Cock Cages are riveted onto a leather waist and butt straps. The



leather belts come together and lock in the back. All metal is well rounded and finished for walking and long-term wearing comfort. These chastity cages are only available from Fetters and Mr. S. Catalogue of over 250 pages with over 1000 very hot pictures is available from MR. S. Leather C° - Fetters, 310 Seventh Str., San Francisco, CA 94103, USA. email: hunter@mr-s-leather-fetters.com

A black and white fashion advertisement. A woman with short, wavy blonde hair is the central figure. She is wearing a dark, shiny, corset-style top with thin straps over her shoulders. Her pose is dynamic, with one hand on her hip and the other near her waist. The background is solid black, making the subject stand out. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of her face and the texture of her hair and clothing. The brand name 'L. KLEIMANN' is printed in large, white, sans-serif capital letters across the lower half of the image. The 'L' is positioned to the left of the 'K', and the 'E' is positioned below the 'N'.

L. KLEIMANN E



I discovered Lee Kleimann when she was proposing her "exclusive" collection at a fashion fair in Germany. Being also the lucky owner of a fetish fashion store, I stood next to this magnificent leather corset, more exhilarating than I have ever seen... and there she was: Lee Kleimann in the flesh. I fell in love, mind you not with her although she is very charming, but no, no, with her collection. It is of the very best taste, the materials are first class, and the remarkable eye for detail are just the things to seduce me. She is looking for wholesale outlets and private customers. Mind you, quality has its price...

Lee Kleimann, Palmstrasse 25, 50672 Köln, Germany. Tel: 0221.254.969 - Fax: 0221.257.6852



MARQUIS DE SADE

It is no coincidence that we have chosen to honour the Marquis de Sade in this issue of SECRET. As a matter of fact, we note from your readers' letters that you are eager to deepen your knowledge. Much has been said and written about the famous marquis. It is undeniable that his knowledge of his subjects and his psychology was incomparable. The sixty-four thousand dollar question will always be to know whether the Marquis de Sade was in reality a criminal, a prophet, a liberator, a poet, a bon vivant, a sadist or a psychologist... Was his mind clear, capable of knowing the limits and the pleasures of pain as we do - and practising, them? A discussion on the subject «Is the name de Sade used properly nowadays?» would be endless, very revealing and controversial. But how to change History? How to find out the precise meaning of his words? In any event, we cannot change History but we are going to try and throw a bit more light on this immense subject.

The Marquis de Sade was a producer and creator of unrestrained fancy and imagination but above all he was a rebel. In his day he dared to openly challenge the morality of the period and tried to change the preconceptions of the time with his pen. It should be added that this proved fatal for him.

Hounded from one country to another, he was in the end arrested and imprisoned. The fact of having spent some considerable time locked up, with the abstinence that implies, increased his carnal desires even more. But our prisoner, though deprived of everything he wanted, was not lacking in imagination. An often very lively imagination! And so it was that he wrote his best works whilst incarcerated.

Some of you will say that we have not dealt with the subject adequately or even that we are absolutely wrong. But we do know that de Sade is too «big» to be dealt with in a single issue of SECRET. But I have

paid tribute to his name, to his image, to his psychology and I have not betrayed him. For the Marquis de Sade has been betrayed too often! He has been turned into a freak, merchandise for sale! (This would not have bothered de Sade, who had a certain taste for spectacle and scandal

and who readily lent himself to this game).

The worst mistake we citizens of the 21st century make is to no longer be concerned about the eminent philosopher that de Sade was: a philosopher of the body, of the mind,

of the deep desires in every human being. But what else was he? A forerunner of Freud, a surrealist idol, a champion of personal liberty, an «ante litteram» sexologist, the first representative of the thinking which would sow its own seeds throughout Europe just as he was to become a major source of inspiration to myriads of writers and distributors of erotic and other works. He was the prophet of eroticism, going to the limits of written or implied «it». De Sade was a man who was interested in everything, he was almost paradoxically tolerant, full of crazes and indeed even obsessions, fascinated for instance by a holy book which might well have contained a pornographic section. He loved the exact sciences just as much as the recipes for

abortion potions prepared by the sorcerers of the time! He was a man of the world! He was ... the Marquis de Sade!

Jürgen Boedt



DE SADE CHRONOLOGY

De Sade was not a revolutionary but a rebel, postulating an absolute and in consequence impossible freedom

1740. The illustrious Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade was born on 2 June 1740 in Paris, into the full princely aristocracy. In 1774 he was placed in the care of his uncle, abbot de Sade, in Provence. Cultivated and a philosopher but fond of pranks. After this less than happy provincial experience he was sent at the age of ten to a Jesuit college where he received a good classical education and was introduced to homosexuality.

From 1754 to 1763 de Sade demonstrated his fieriness serving in the royal cavalry (rising to the rank of captain). 1763: His family chose Ms Renée Pélagie de Montreuil, with a large dowry, for him and the marriage was celebrated on 17 May 1763. On 18 October his first incarceration in Vincennes for debauchery and impiety with a young working girl, Suzanne Testard. But he was released on 13 November and ordered to live in Normandy, under supervision. Numerous rumours were already denouncing his dalliances with various professional actresses, notably Ms de Beauvoisin (in 1765).

1766: in November de Sade rents a small house in Arcueil, where other scandals will erupt: «debauchery and orgies with one or the other sex».

27 August 1767, Renée Pélagie brings their first son, Louis René, into the world.

1768-1771: lots of rumours about the house in Arcueil. The reality is the Rose Keller affair on 23 August 1768: the young girl is forcibly undressed then flogged but she runs away and brings charges, before withdrawing them, paid generously by the family. But the scandal becomes public. De Sade is incarcerated in Saumur, then in Pierre-Encise near Lyon till 16 November when he returns to his residence in Lacoste, ordered to live together with his wife. On 27 June 1769 she presents him with a second son, Donatien Claude Armand. His poor reputation brings his military career to an end. Despite the conflicts between de Sade and his wife, his daughter, Madeleine Laure, was born on 17 April 1771. This does not stop him welcoming his young sister-in-law, Anne Prospère de Launay, a canoness, to Lacoste, where she becomes his mistress.

1772 to 1777: Saturday 27 June 1772, a second big scandal now breaks in Marseille, where de Sade had brought together four prostitutes and his valet, Latour. He has them take some aphrodisiacs, whips them, has himself whipped, masturbates his servant and had himself buggered. The girls, made ill by the aphrodisiacal sweets, think that they had been poisoned and go to the police. The proceedings are short: de Sade and Latour flee to Italy and are

condemned to death in absentia. Gossip abounds as in 1768 and there is talk of orgies with rapes and deaths. The fugitive is arrested on 8 December 1772 and incarcerated in the fort at Miolans in Savoy but on 30 April 1773 he flees with the help of his brave Renée Pélagie and makes his way to Grenoble, then Bordeaux, disappearing afterwards to Spain before coming back to Lacoste. The police are looking for the author and his writings too. At the beginning of 1774, the chateau at Lacoste is taken by storm and searched but the marquis manages to escape. Following further debauchery, he is finally arrested on 13 February 1777 and incarcerated (this was when he declared that the loss of liberty is the most horrible punishment which could be imposed on him). He insists that his wife bring him some «marvels», ie flagons and wooden cases (which he used as dildos) as well as various sorts of books. He now composes some plays, some tragedies and even a philosophical dialogue. He begins «The 120 Days of Sodom» (starting in 1782) which he defines as «the most lewd tale which has ever been told since the world has existed».

1784: on 29 February de Sade is transferred to the Bastille.



Photo: Plakidas

From 22 October to 28 November 1785 he makes a fair copy of «The 120 Days of Sodom» on thin paper which he rolls up and hides in his «marvels».

1789: he writes the manuscript of «Aline et Valcour». He writes the first version of «J ustine» and edits a dozen plays, essays, tales and novelettes. His health declines, he complains of various pains but remains a fine gourmet despite the onset of obesity.

1789: de Sade is transferred from the Bastille to the convent at Charenton on 2 July, following his vociferous complaints. He leaves his personal belongings and the precious rolls of «The 120 Days of Sodom» behind.

He is freed on 2 April 1790 but his wife refuses to see him and sues for divorce. The legal separation is handed down on 9 June. At the end of 1790 he settles down with an actress, Marie Constance Quesnet, who was to remain faithful to him till the end of his life. He joins the Company of Pike.

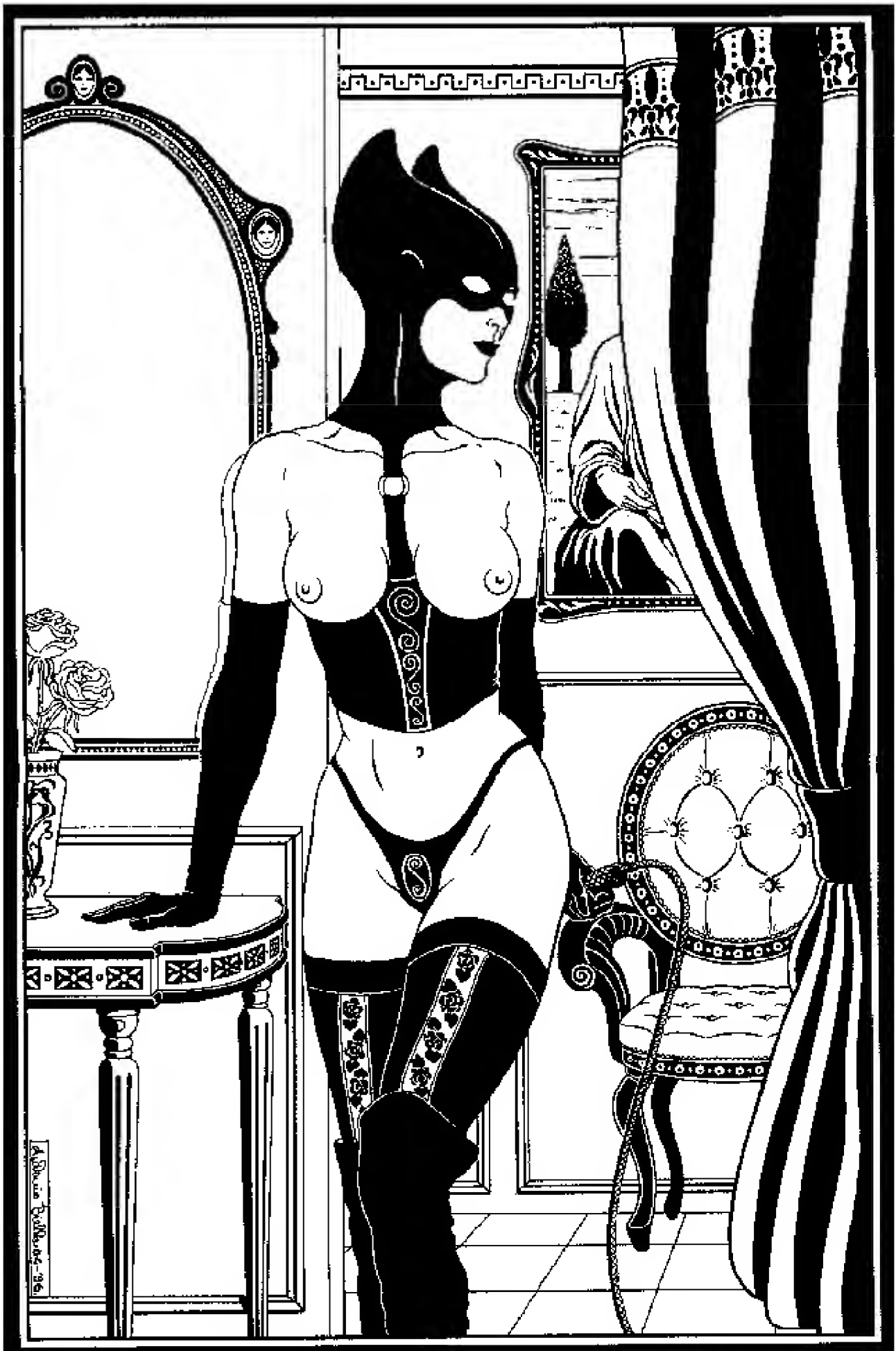
1791: on 20 June he publishes a scandalous thriller «J ustine or the misfortunes of virtue» - the critics were divided. He develops with his Company of Pike, becoming its vice-presidential secretary. But his printer is arrested and despite all his certificates of good citizenship de Sade is imprisoned for moderantism. On 27 July administrative confusion narrowly prevents him being sent to the tribunal and to his death. He is freed on 15 October. On leaving prison his financial situation is very difficult. From May to September 1791 de Sade and Constance Quesnet travel around Provence. They are reduced to poverty. He launches into publishing a new expansion of J ustine «The New J ustine or the Misfortunes of Virtue», followed by a novel «The Story of Juliette (her sister) or the Prosperities of Vice». The ten volumes are illustrated with a hundred licentious engravings. He also publishes the play «Oxtiern or the Misfortunes of Libertinage» whose title echoes J ustine's.

1800: he publishes four volumes of novelettes «The Crimes of Love». The dogs of war are unleashed against the author of the above-mentioned novels. Notably the police, sent by General Bonaparte, who search the printers and the bookshops to prevent distribution of these licentious writings. The novelist is arrested on 6 March 1801 at his printer's. He is then incarcerated in the hospital for the insane in Charenton where he will live till his death. Despite age and infirmity having tempered his ardour, Constance joins him there and his family pay the board. He perseveres with writing «The Days of Florabelle or Nature Unveiled» but his manuscripts are seized. He organizes theatrical productions with the patients - to which the Parisian public came. Then he takes refuge in historical thrillers (Adelaide of Brunswick, Secret History of Isabelle of Bavaria, The Marchioness of the Ganges). Administrative reports are written denouncing the collusion of the asylum's director in permitting the prisoner too much freedom. It was decided to transfer him but the affair drags on and de Sade dies on 2 December 1814. Despite the wishes expressed in his will, he is given a religious burial. A great breaker of taboos and great explorer of our inhibitions, de Sade did well to take a walk on the wild side so as to be able to tell us what we are.

SA



Photo: Plakidas



READING DE SADE IN THE 20th CENTURY

Inasmuch as he forces us to read between all the lines and to revise all the arguments, de Sade is suitable neither for impatient readers nor for lovers of pornographic literature who will very quickly feel that the scope and rigour of his narrative are beyond them. As a matter of fact, each sentence has been carefully constructed and his thinking, even if it seems to simply flow from his quill, is expressed very clearly. The extraordinary humour with which the author embellishes most of his letters and which are such a delight for the diligent reader must also be stressed. But above all, de Sade is a philosopher (and from now on he is classed as such in our literature) in that he is constantly thinking (and his novels are thoughts in writing) about liberty and the liberation of man, that which caused him great suffering.

He knows that the motive of any action is negativeness, which shows itself in the form of desire - whilst not confusing desire and enjoyment, the one killing the other. Thus there is not one statement which does not have its opposite, not one assertion left without a rejoinder. For instance, virtue is presented as a mad ignorance of evil or as the hypocritical mask of vice, if not as an invention of vice for exalting desire. Negativeness is considered as a force of nature which nothing can stop: the attraction of crime and defilement, the leaning towards chaos, towards the original mix, towards the lack of sexual differentiation, a blasphemy - one only insults God the better to be able to refute his negative presence. But let us look more closely at the novel, the order of its structure. The work teaches us that the most excessive passion therein is always organizing, methodical, regulated by a rigid dramatization. Thus the erotic activities are codified in advance but only in the very course of experiencing the pleasures, in the heat of the craziest moments. Order is restored so that no crime is committed in confusion: the tortures and executions all give way to a strict accountability, recapitulating and checking the stocks of flesh.

The most astonishing of the works in this category is «The 120 Days of Sodom» which consists of a long, exhaustive list of perversions, comparable to the botanical classification followed by arithmetic considerations of the number of different species massacred in the course of the novel. The Sadian dream then finds its fulfilment in the writing of a text; patient, untiring elaboration, meticulousness for the taste of the tortures, always calling what he has created into question again, seeking the word which will be definitive, the most accurate. In the very structure of the novel, one discovers that the order always has its double squeezed into an system of organization.

Organization is the key word as the passions and their satisfaction are so arranged at that point that the masters have as little scope for freedom in their movements as the slaves. The most important thing in the erotic activity of the carnal material is the organizing via the affirmative disorder. It needs to establish its own order, ie to constrain nature so

as to deny its existence. One cannot leave the object of one's desires at liberty; it must be immobilized, enslaved, tortured, put to death, it is wanting it to become me and thus to begin to exist. The executioner and his prey find themselves imprisoned in the same body, in the same desire, the same end. Man only exists insofar as he modifies the things around him. The other does not exist, it is purely an object and the subject only exists through the restraint which it exercises over the other. Another revelation is **«what is exciting is forbidden!»**

Sensual excitation is tied to the vocabulary which serves to speak the gesture - all the incestuous relationships with their bewildering complexities can only be explained by the «words» labelling the objects subjugated to the whims of the libertines. De Sade also inverts the meaning of words as a sort of erotic act: breach of a rule, confirmation of a ban, rape of the reader ...

The master will assert his creative licence by remaining in a state of permanent scandal with regard to the everyday words which he makes use of - he has himself whipped by one of his victims the better to prove that he is the torturer. The opposite of words, the reverse of things, the backside of girls, de Sade's world is a world of topsy-turvy elements. The right and the wrong way round are part of his personal dialectics. The back has no meaning unless the front as such is firmly and unquestionably in place - for example, the rapist needs laws. Among the Sadian principles, one finds that of constraint; never of participation, only rape. For pleasure can only be imposed on the other person in the same way as suffering. This imposing on the other person is the sum of my true liberty, from that moment in time when morality teaches me that my liberty must come to an end where the other person's begins. It is also essential that the victim is constantly in the throes of suffering and dying: in return his death sanctifies the failure of the attempt to live. Where does the delicate, idyllic flesh imagined by de Sade - which can suffer the most horrifying tortures for months without ever losing its freshness - come from? But habit must be avoided at all costs, the disappearance of the creative drive; always going further, putting itself beyond waiting so as to avoid the victim becoming accustomed to the pain or the pleasure and the torturer wearying of meting them out. As soon as exaction is allowed, new ones must be devised.

Another of the author's characteristics is to expand the narrative. We see him proceeding classically by expansion and extension, ie expanding an element which already figures in the text or even inserting new elements. In this way Justine gets to know people who give rise to new episodes but she also comes across old acquaintances again, which weaves a family tie so that the text does not look torn. New details are integrated into the presentation

of things and things multiply. An imagined putting into columns, lining the numbers up, all the forms of counting beyond the various combinations, sweating to enter them in the books. And so all these puttings into series generate the text as if it were necessary to fix, to recapture the excessiveness, to put the sublime in good order. Thus people who have disappeared can reappear, providing new combinations of debauchery: to addition is added derivation. Expansion too of the libertines' «dissertations» on sodomy, virtue, atheism or crime and above all: dramatization. For drama is also theatre: staging fantasies, meeting point between the real and the imaginary.

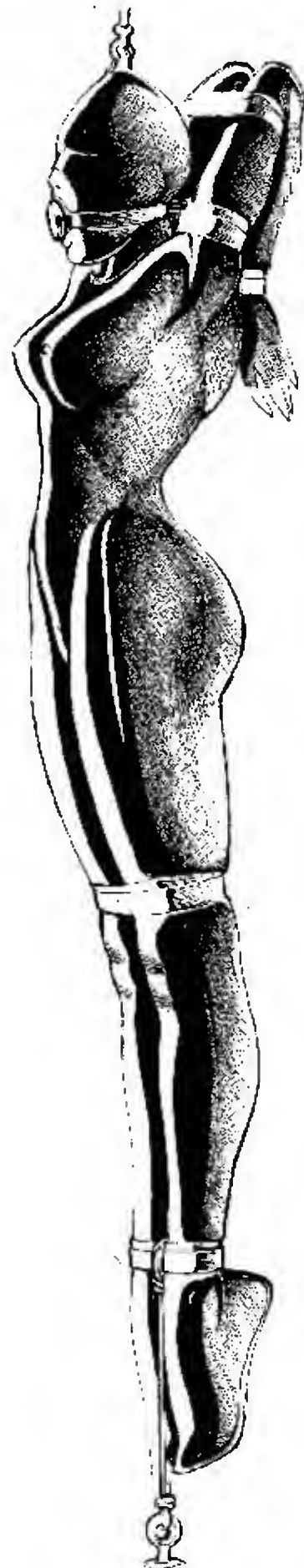
His theatrical folly takes the place at one and the same time as the reversal where illusion becomes reality and as the excess where the real opens onto the imaginary. He will show how expressing desire in the course of dramatizing the thought is indissociable from its eroticization. And this by placing all the riches of theatrical illusion at the disposal of our most secret desires, to the point of making of the theatrical device a fantastic instant of knowledge, capable of objection through the imaginary of the body, the body of the imaginary. Staging this rooting of thinking in the passions. De Sade's literature makes him a producer - transgressor of writing, the architect of an extremely well-made romantic structure that are also erotic and rhetorical figures, postures. Boredom sometimes takes hold when reading, that is its repetitive aspect and never ends, plunged as we are into this autarkic world. With sentences of a nice, simple beauty, so dull that no symbolism can interpose itself. With a perspicacity and humour which dumbfounds us: **his moral and poetic skill.** Master of injustice, producer of living pictures dedicated to death - and of the crafting of a text which fears neither excess, nor tiring repetition, nor humour destroying every realist illusion; it puts in order disorder.

S.A.

MY SOUL HAS NO LIMIT - BUT MY BODY DOES...

(Dedicated to my dear friend)

I received a letter today from far away
Sent to me from a long time friend,
Right now he is much in despair.
I read his bitterness towards life through the lines
I felt his sadness and loneliness even though he was
famous now...
I wrote him back as soon as I could.
Oh! How I wished to comfort his soul
His broken wings and hurting heart,
In person...
Then,
Only then, I realized the notion of the distance
For us mortal beings.
My spirit is close to his
But my flesh is much far apart...
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Bishop

TREVOR

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THE SHOW

In all our editions, English and French, we place your stories, your fantasies, your frustrations... We never invent anything, because Secret is your magazine. We are just a forum for our readers so they have a way of expression. We are a forum for free expression as long as it is sane, safe and consensual, we go for everything. So, you, our readers, get into action, send us your stories, your fantasy's and let the other readers enjoy it...

Jürgen Boedt

The band desperately needed a wardrobe mistress; at late forties, clothes not only made the man but, altered correctly, covered a multitude of sins! Angela had been hired by Johnny Hansen's agent in a last ditch effort to «spice up» this very last tour of the aging rock God. Of course Angela had heard a plenty about Johnny H.; his anger, meglomania and substance abuses were legendary, Johnny was from the old school where the motto, «nothing exceeds like excess» was never truer lived. Even in her short years in the business, Angela had seen the best and worst of them and knew Johnny Hansen most definitely fell into the latter category! But working on Johnny's tour would give Angela some needed quick cash and the possibility to catch any tour she wished from here on in. Besides, and hate to admit it she must, ol' Johnny H, was a babe, and Angela knew most of her skill would be used in making the guys around Johnny look halfway decent, but Johnny didn't need much work. Many a nights Angela had stayed up late, clutching one small firm breast in hand, as she watched Johnny prance through one of his videos. The ravages of twenty years in the business had not yet taken their toll on the tall, flaming-haired singer. He moved with the agility of a cat; undulating, jumping, preening about the stage on long tight legs. His chest, forever exposed, muscular and hairy, glistened with just that right combination of sweat and spotlight and his ass entranced her as he spun every chance he got, showing off his high rounded backside to the camera at sickeningly frequent intervals. Yes, he was a child, yes, he was just an old guy fearing his middle age, yes, he was an egotistical misogynist. And yes, Angela would give almost anything she had just to help the guy on (or off) with his pants! Did she have any other choice but to take the job?! They met at the airport the next Thursday. She was hurriedly introduced to band members, publicist, a cloudy-eyed chubby road manager, a few roadies and lastly, Johnny Hansen.

«Hey baby,» he growled through a caffeine stained throat. «Hi,» Angela said, looking up at the sunglasses and curls staring down at her. «Thanks for having me.»

«You won't be thanking me once it starts,» Johnny warned and the entourage followed him onto the private plane. Being the new kid on an old block, Angela was tested first by the crew; she had walked in between her two brothers' off-color remarks all her life, so no lewd comment could really shake her. The publicist and manager who had phones permanently stuck to their respective ears, and the band who wanted to constantly see what their stage outfits looked like and if Angela would help them «try them on» right then and there. Johnny kept pretty much to himself, plying his lap-top computer or talking on his portable

phone. As they neared the first night's concert, only a day away, Angela's perception of Johnny was positively effected. The man might be short with those around him, he might be a bit spoiled and he might be a bit quick to anger but this was his last tour, and hopefully for his retirement, he wanted it to be his most lucrative. Surviving this far in this business one probably had to be a bastard more than not, especially when the entire enterprise sank or sunk on you! Johnny couldn't afford the jocularity of his fellow band mates. He might be a clown on stage but here in the tight confines of this flying arc, he was a man intent on his business and his business, this fickle rock and roll spinning top, had almost run down its momentum for this aging musician. So as the plane touched down on the tarmac of the San Francisco airport, Angela had gained a new, albeit cautious, respect for her employer.

«Hey,» Angela heard as she stepped from Billy and Steve's trailer the evening of the next day. The bassist and the drummer loved the outfit she had made and after a brief couple minutes of her not reacting when as they stood naked before her, Angela left the trailer with this first victory in hand. She had always secretly enjoyed those instances when she could control men, whether it be manipulating her brothers with tears or ignoring these aging hippies holding their fat members. But as she turned to Johnny, Angela wasn't sure if her strong resolve wouldn't waver now. «I got the pants right,» the leader of the band was confessing, attempting to pull his massive chest through the blue and black fringed jacket he was wearing. «But I can't...» «Here,» Angela said, taking one sleeve of the cloth and easily pulling Johnny under a backstage tent.

«Put your arms straight out,» she said as she walked around her boss. Of course she allowed herself a quick glance to his tight leather-clad ass.

«Just a moment, don't pull, don't...» Angela continued, as the right sleeve gave way with a quick tear.

«Ah fuck,» Johnny said.

«Come on,» Angela said and literally pushed Johnny from the tent. They walked across the quiet backstage area (part of Johnny's demands was that all «shmoozing» be done after the show, so there was only the crew backstage at this time) passing the tour manager Arty and Johnny's publicist engaged in what seemed not an altogether friendly discussion, back down a tight passageway from which Angela could hear the cheering crowd up above and down to her cramped trailer.

«Sit, sit,» Angela said as she slammed her rickety trailer door. She crossed to her sewing machine, jacket in flurrying hands. «I'll have it done in a minute,»

Yes, Johnny Hansen was in her damn trailer, half dressed and smiling, but this was her work dammit and she did it well! Her boss lay down across her thin futon staring up at her through his wavy fiery bangs. Did she dare look up at the rock and roll star drawn across her bed? Did she even for a minute trace her gaze up his long legs to his...? «Okay, just a minute,» Angela said, snapping herself from her fantasy by starting to re-sew the sleeve she had made just a week ago. «I almost got it. «I got to get out there,» Johnny said smiling, but a sense of urgency in his low voice.

«Just a minute,» Angela offered.

«Hurry baby,» Johnny said, sitting up now. Angela looked quickly to his teasing smile and knew, that all though she was under the gun here, he wasn't really pushing her.

«If you hadn't been in such a rush,» she offered, sewing away.

«Ah, now it's my fault,» the tall rock star said and stood up quickly. Again that teasing tone and broad smile on his face.

«Completely,» Angela agreed, finally coming to the last row of stitches.

«If you hadn't made it so damn weak in the first place,»

Johnny tried, but Angela turned to him quickly, returning his smile, «It was your fault,» Angela said. «Live with it.»

«Oh, oh,» Johnny said. «See, give a woman a needle and thread and she's in charge, «Yup,» Angela said, and then completed the sleeve. «Keep it up and I'll put you over my lap.

«I'd just love it,» Johnny said, taking the jacket from her as Angela offered it up to him,

«Bet you would,» Angela said, her cheeks feeling hot. The picture of Johnny's fine ass bent across her lap quickly passed by her mind's eye and it was all she could do to make it keep moving.

«How many?» Johnny asked, working his broad shoulders into the mended jacket.

'How many what?' Angela thought, but quickly realized Johnny was still talking about their imagined spanking scenario. Hell, she could play along; give this guy a little taste of his own medicine. «Ten,» she said and reached down to her sewing table and produced her thick ruler. «With this, «I'll see you after the show,» Johnny said, kissed her hard on the lips and left Angela's trailer.

If Angela could recall one song of that night she would have been surprised. During the whole show, as she waited in the wings looking out over the bassist's head and to the writhing, jumping, singing form of Johnny, all she could think about was what was going to happen 'after the show'. Johnny Hansen was a man used to getting anything and everything he wanted; absolutely, one hundred percent with the snap of finger. Did she want to be just another name on a long list that was most probably torn to dust with the years? But more important still, could she resist the man if he came to her, pushing their fantasy to a reality?

And what about that fantasy? As Angela watched Johnny sprint off stage for a towel, a hit of a joint and a gulp of beer, she played that picture of Johnny bent over her lap over again in her mind. To have this powerful rock legend, bent and waiting like a child over her knees, her ruler held highly poised on his perfect bottom. This could be the best yet of any control of any man Angela had ever had. Forget ignoring the band and their priapic pride, forget wearing these tight bicycle shorts and enjoying the looks the crew gave her, forget exploiting what she knew was Andy the

agent's all out lust for her, forget it all. She had the chance to put Johnny Hansen across her lap and spank him!

Johnny went back for the first of two encores and Angela walked to her trailer, hoping like hell she could make it back before she exploded, «Hey baby,» Angela heard that familiar low voice accompany the knock. She sprinted from her futon and swung open the light door.

«Catch you nappin'?» Johnny asked, stepping up and into the trailer.

«I knew you'd be a while,» Angela confessed. «First night and all.»

Angela wasn't telling the whole truth of course and she sensed Johnny was aware of it. As the reprise of Johnny's second (and last) encore had begun, Angela was riding the crest of a violent orgasm. She had literally ripped off her clothes to get to the point where she could tickle her flooding sex with thoughts of Johnny; tight leather pants pooled at his knees, begging for harder swats with that ruler. She had fallen asleep right after, her mind and body exhausted from the assault to her senses. Now she was awake and seeing her vision in the flesh.

«I believe you said ten,» Johnny said standing over her. So it was going to come true after all! Did Angela have the guts in real life as she had in her masterbatory fantasy? «Let's make it twenty,» Angela said, sitting down at her sewing machine and adjusting her robe around her.

While she would have loved to have ripped her robe off right then and there and spank Johnny while she sat naked under him, she felt it best to only expose a little of herself at a time. This guy saw women naked every second of his day, why should she be just like all the others? Besides, this wasn't sex (at least not right at this moment) this was discipline and Angela wanted to be just as serious as Johnny seemed to be. «Well, get across,» Angela lightly ordered, smoothing the terry-cloth across her lap.

«Sure thing,» Johnny said; smiling that same smug smile he always did. A good clean smell wafted from the man as he sauntered over to where she was sitting, Johnny's new leather pants (didn't this guy wear anything else) were perfectly tight across his buns, a loose tank top advertising the band's logo across his muscular chest. «I didn't think you'd come,» Angela said, as the big man bent, lay across her lap and quickly adjusted himself. «I knew you would,» Johnny said and Angela felt the heat rise to her face. Okay, so he knew, 'Well, damn this smug son-of-a-bitch', Angela thought as she brought her hand down hard and high on Johnny's rump. Like all things the very first time, that initial spark, the first quick 'fix' is the hardest. From there anything is possible and all manner of adjustments follow. After that first smack, that first sharp connection of leather to open palm, Angela just layed away at Johnny's leather clad ass, «Oh baby,» Johnny moaned from someplace from under her lap. Angela just continued, landing five, six, seven. «Oh yes, yes,» the rock star said as Angela swat back and forth.

«Take these off,» Angela said, finally stopping at ten.

«Sure thing,» Johnny agreed, stood, faced her and unbuttoned his pants. Angela didn't want to watch him. Like every other man she knew, Johnny was so proud of his manhood, so willing to strip, so wanting an audience. Johnny stood proud and tall, slowly opening that last

button, parting the two halves of his fly apart, then slowly grinding his tight pants down his thick long legs. As Angela suspected, Johnny wasn't wearing any underwear and his half-erect penis stood only inches from her as he stood with his hands on hips, pucker on his lips.

«Nice,» Angela agreed. «But, no time for that now.» She wasn't sure where she got the strength to not just lean forward and take Johnny in her mouth, but somehow Angela managed to reach her hands up to the star's hips, waddle him to her side and help him to bend. He was still a powerful large man - he never would have bent unless he wanted to - but with Angela guiding him, she felt as if she was bending Johnny to this punishment. Johnny lay down once again, Angela purposely opened her robe so his hard penis rubbed up against her bare inner thigh, Johnny moaned with the contact and Angela breathed as deep as she could to keep her mind clear on what she had to do here, «Now, I said with the ruler,» she said, leaning back behind her to her small sewing table.

«Yeah,» Johnny quietly agreed.

Angela hadn't even begun spanking him yet and she could already hear that strange calm anticipation in his voice. Could Johnny be as turned on as she was?!

«Twenty with this is gonna hurt,» Angela mentioned, turning back to Johnny's tight buns quivering under her.

So he was as turned on! This position alone was making her so wet, why wouldn't it drive Johnny crazy as well?

«I want it to hurt,» Johnny managed and in anticipation of the pain, grabbed Angela's naked ankle.

For some reason this contact, although small and easy, bent Angela around that last bend and she lifted the ruler high up in the air and brought the first smack down evenly, across Johnny's pale skin.

«That's one,» Angela said and brought the ruler up again.

«Two,» she said as she connected, high on his right cheek this time.

She could feel Johnny's thick member growing between her thighs and she adjusted herself just the slightest bit, allowing her robe to open even more.

«Three, four, five,» she sang as each hit resounded off her tight trailer walls. Johnny remained stoic, his ass quivering just a bit, his hands clutched tightly around her ankles.

«Getting what you deserve?» Angela asked and suddenly yanked on Johnny's long mane.

She had no idea what brought this on. It was surprising to her that she had gotten to this point, but she wanted a reaction from the rock and roll star and felt that getting a little meaner may help her get one.

«Do you deserve this?» she demanded, pulling Johnny's flaming locks tighter.

«Yes, yes,» Johnny finally agreed.

«Good,» Angela said and released her grip.

Johnny's head fell forward as she felt his crotch poke her thin thighs for a new purchase. The man was growing harder by the second and her brief little interlude of hair pulling and yelling had only added to his arousal, «Fifteen more,» Angela coaxed and raised her hand up high. For the first time Johnny clenched his buns in anticipation.

«Forget it,» she said. «You're gonna get it anyway, with this she brought the ruler down, back up and down a succession often more times. Back and forth she swat as Johnny's perfect buns grew pink to her assault. All the while Johnny didn't say a word, he just rocked back and forth, poking her with his hardness and grabbing her ankles. «We'll save five for tomorrow,» Angela said on the tenth

swat, stopped and leaned back to replace the ruler on her table. She sat back to admire the sight. Johnny's ass was now perfectly pink (she had paid close attention to covering all of his buns evenly) his head bent in muted surrender, his hands loose around her ankles and most importantly, his thick manhood still hard and inching ever closer to her flooding sex.

«Get up,» she lightly ordered.

As Johnny did so, Angela watched his popping erection. How great it would be to open her robe all the way, expose her heated body to this man, this little boy she had just spanked and let him ride her to an explosive orgasm. But Angela knew that that was just what Johnny Hansen would expect. Damn him, she wasn't just going to follow like all the other female sheep. No, this was going to be one instance where this rock and roll star didn't control the «show». Control was all Angela's and as long as she kept it, she would most likely keep this man coming back for more. And if nothing else, Angela knew she wanted more!

«See you tomorrow,» she said, not standing. Johnny looked down at her, as he stood naked and erect and a look of startling surprise passed his open face. But then Angela saw the satisfaction of their unspoken agreement pass through his blue eyes. So she was to be the master of their fates. She would determine the what and where and how. Angela smiled and she realized this arrangement of her being in control suited him just fine.

The next day came and went. On a rock and roll tour nights are a buzz with activity, days are spent travelling or catching-up on as much sleep as possible (usually during the travelling). So it wasn't until the soundcheck was over at five o'clock and the crew had eaten that Angela heard that familiar knock at her trailer door, «Hi,» Johnny said, the usual silver-blue twinkle in his eye.

«Coming for your pre-show spanking?» Angela asked.

«What a great idea,» Johnny agreed, surprised, yet delighted at the suggestion.

Angela had had no idea how she was going to introduce their next day activity (or even if they would be a next day activity). But as the afternoon had drawn into this sticky early sultry evening she imagined a scenario wherein she could at least spank Johnny before every show and then later, if the two were so inclined to meet after the backstage party, they could further their carnal activity.

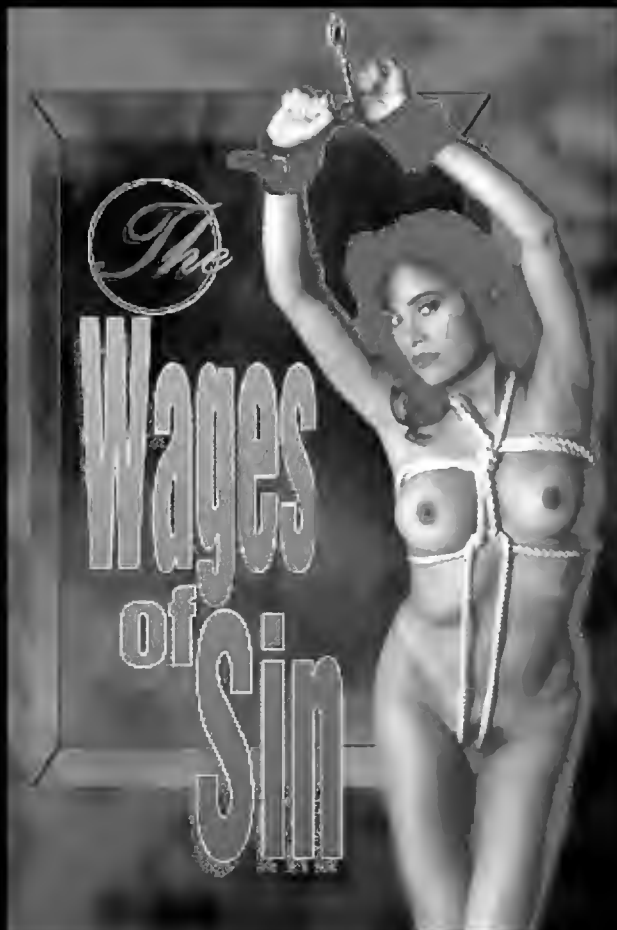
«Let's face it,» Angela had said to herself only hours before, «There are plenty of people I want to meet on a tour like this, why be stuck in my trailer just waiting for the star to visit me every night?»

«How about ten every night before?» Angela said, positioning herself on her high backed chair as Johnny stepped out of his pants. Again that wonderful picture of her sitting under Johnny's half erect penis...how many more nights could she just do this and not finally reach up to him?

«And after?» Johnny asked, bending over her lap. Angela parted the robe a bit underneath Johnny so she could feel his warm skin on hers. «We'll see. We'll see,» Angela said. «You're a busy boy after the show.» «And a bad one as well,» Johnny added, grabbing Angela's ankles.

«And a bad one,» Angela agreed and leaned back to her table for that ruler.

The end.



Fritz Ptasynski

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~~Erotic~~ Discipline



I love pin-up. I always have.

I remember my first encounter with this art form; I was about five years old, and my mother as a joke, hid a Vargas print in my father's sock drawer, she showed it to my sister and I before she hid it, and I remember being absolutely awe struck by the effect of Vargas' brush and the colours he used to achieve his flesh tones. That image, held in my mother's hand stays with me to this day. I had other influences, Rembrandt, Da Vinci, Mel Ramos, Olivia and of course Sorayama. But perhaps the strongest influence came from one of the greatest draughtsmen of all time - Jean Dominique Ingres. I think Ingres has as profound an effect on my art as any body, for it was in a book entitled 'The History of Prints and Drawings' that I saw a meticulous pencil study of Angelica for the painting Roger delivering Angelica. In this precious little work, Angelica is naked and chained to a rock awaiting her fate - to be eaten by the sea monster. The beautiful drawing portrayed the perfect image of submission to me, and is what I try to achieve in all my works which portray submissive women. So you can blame it all on Ingres.

I have always drawn and painted women. I love to delineate the form of woman from a blank sheet of paper, to 'give it life'. I painted them all through my undergraduate program at USC, and received more than a little flack for it - especially from the women, as most of my subjects were naked and a few were tied up as well! I guess I was rather fortunate in that my mentor there was an artist named Ruth Weisberg. She is an amazing artist - and a feminist, but not in the sense that she believes men are the problem. She believes that the strength of women lies in finding their own empowerment - which is true for everyone. Thus, she taught me to be true to myself, but to always push myself, to make each stroke of brush or pencil count. I still hear her words when I draw today.

When it comes to contemporary influences, I think Sorayama has the greatest effect on my work. I love the way his works are never finished - I have books with two or three different versions of the same image - he actually works over the original painting until it can't be worked anymore! I haven't quite gotten the courage to do this - instead, I use a Macintosh to create variations. I consider Sorayama to be the 'Shihan' or Grand Master of contemporary erotic art, and I am honoured that he has one of my original paintings in his personal collection.

Lately, I have been exploring the theme of 'Woman as Master', that is the female dominant or predator. This is a lot of fun because the women are powerful, deadly and very sexual. I want to use some of the very beautiful female body-builders as models, as well as women who I just plain think are drop-dead gorgeous. The subjects vary a bit, there is an Amazon Warrior, an Alien Female Warrior from the future, a basic Dominatrix and a few others, but the theme is women who men must bow to - kick ass goddesses if you will. The most important

Fritz Ptasynski

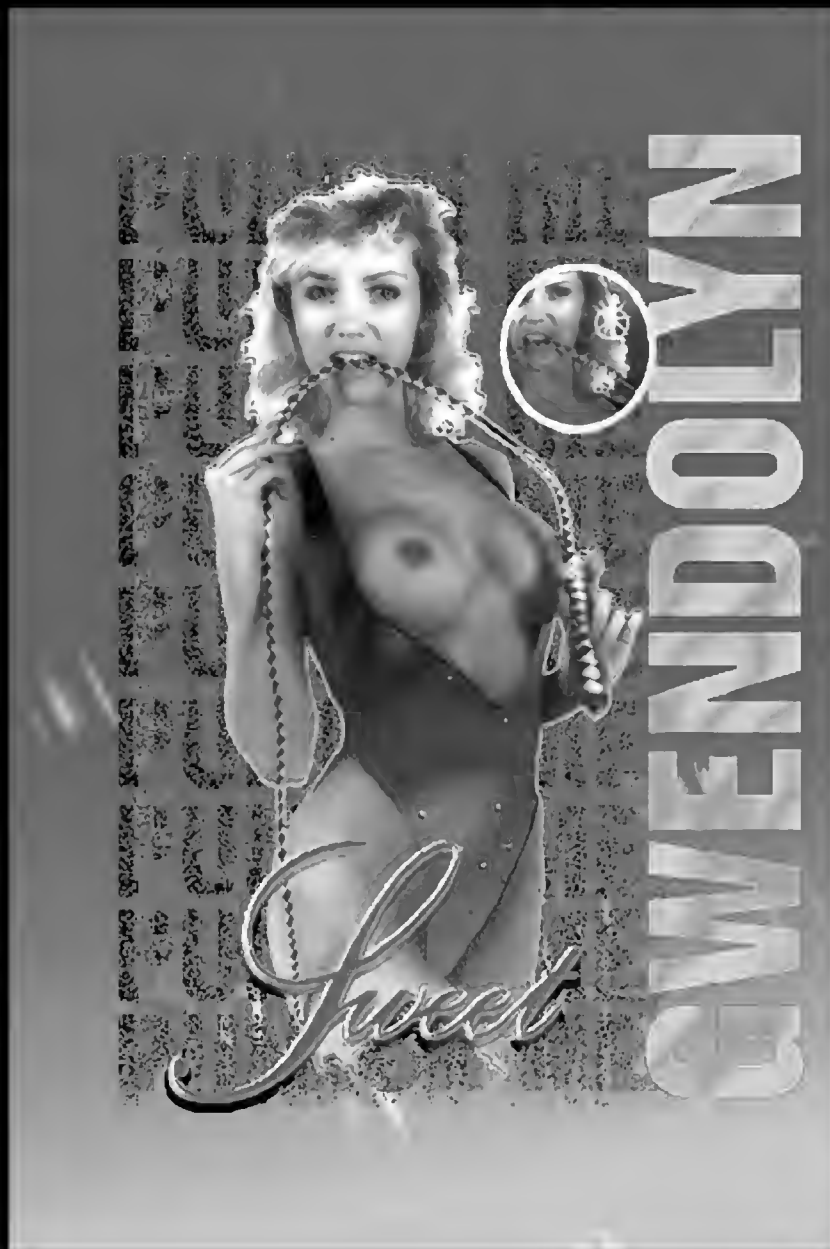
part of these works is that each is thought out completely before I start working - something I have not always done in the past.

I am also working on a suite of 10 pencil drawings from 'The Story of O'. The drawings are rather large, but that makes them all the more intriguing because I can render every bit of detail that I think is necessary. The drawings will be not only a study in sexuality, but an ethereal look at the spiritualism of sex - sounds heavy, huh?

As to where this all will lead, I do not know. All that I know for sure is that I love to create works such as these in this article. I am currently in the process of putting together a book of my work, but will have to search for a publisher. I guess that is the price of being an artist - but that is not such a bad deal, for when all is said and done, I did what I loved - I painted women!

Fritz Ptasynski, February 2, 1997

Fritz Ptasynski



ON THE SAFE ADGE

by Trevor Jacques

In our last issue, I reproduced some text from the excellent manual "On the Safe Edge", written by Trevor Jacques. You, my readers, have let me know that many of you have bought the book, or gave it as a Xmas present to somebody you knew, so I have asked Trevor if I could do another piece, just to show you how good this book really is. If you do not have it, get it now, it is truly invaluable and a treasure of mind blowing reading.

Jürgen Boedt

Creativity

Creativity is required to start and maintain a scene. We'd like to think that, other than for information on safety, one of the reasons you're reading this is to get some new ideas for play. Besides, variety is the spice of life....

Yet again, we come back to the mind. Without it, none of those silly, kinky, fun, outrageous ideas would be formulated. It's important to use the objects available. (You'd be quite surprised to find out what you can do with a toothpick.) Creativity for play will come in every category of who, how, when, and where mentioned above. It's one thing to play in the bedroom, but have you considered playing on the dining room table? When used properly, a

one-inch piece of coarse string can be devilishly fun.

One of the first places to go when trying to find new toys to play with is the local hardware store. There is a name for the contents of a hardware store when they're used in play: «pervertibles.» In the store, you'll find chains, Saran Wrap, rope, brushes of all kinds, gloves of different textures, lumber, etc.. Take the time to investigate your store. We'll bet that you're taken aback by what your mind does, now that it's looking at things differently.

Then take a look inside a kitchen store....

Next time you go for a walk in the woods, notice the many different textures available, courtesy of Mother Nature. The location can be pretty fun, too (think of it as environmentally friendly play). Just because you've decided that you're going to have an interrogation scene doesn't mean that it has to be restricted to a police or prison cell. The French Foreign Legion could be a good setting, as could a physician's examining room.

We encourage you to let your mind create the scenario and then work on how to enact it. And don't let yourselves get caught in a rut. Master/Slave relationships of all levels can be very fun and satisfying to the participants, but there may come a time that you want to change the arrangement. Maybe because it has become a bit stale, or just for the sake of a change.

Creativity lies mainly in experimenting with ideas and "what if's". So the last idea you had was a dud? Modify it, try another idea, maybe you just weren't in the right mood. Give it a try, chances are you'll have more fun than disappointments.

Rôles

Under normal circumstances a person's mood and personality varies from time to time and situation to situation. The same is true for our SM personality. Guy Baldwin described it as lying somewhere along three scales at any one time. Exactly where on each scale will depend on the person and the circumstances.

Dominant - Submissive
Sadistic - Masochistic
Aggressive - Passive



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It is very possible for someone to be a dominant, aggressive masochist. (They're often referred to as «pushy Bottoms.») You might also be a passive, submissive sadist. We're all different and quite unlike the stereotypes that would have us forever pegged completely on the left or right side of these scales. Likewise, you might feel like being a pushy Bottom one day and a passive Top the next.

As you forge a relationship with your partner(s), you may want to take a look at your SM personalities to see how they complement each other. Where there are similarities, rather than complements, you may have to work on how you're going to satisfy those needs for both (all) of you. We've found that one of the great things about this process is that we can learn from and teach one another. There's no better way to learn than from someone you trust and whom you know has the required information. If YOU want to experiment with submission, but were scared to do so, it would be great to learn from someone who has readily submitted to you. You'd have a mentor for your exploration of your SM personality. Likewise, you could learn particular techniques from one another.

Roles and role playing involve needs and meeting them. To do that, frank discussion between partners is a must. The longer the roles are kept, the more discussion and honesty needed.

Top or Bottom. Who is Which?

This is where the illusion of reality and the reality of the illusion can become a grey area. The trick to making the scene work is to maintain the illusion during the scene that the Top is in control. We say illusion here because the real control rests with the agreement the Top and Bottom made before the scene began. Within the limits of the agreement, the Top is in control and has a responsibility to stay within those limits. The Top should also be wary during the scene that this was a reasonable limit for the



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Bottom.

During the scene, the Bottom can modify the play to some extent within the agreed limits, but not control it. The control rests with the Top. So, while some would argue that the Bottom is in control, because it's the Bottom's limits that must be respected, this really isn't the case. The Bottom agreed to limits, and, within those, the Top is in total control. Understanding the real dynamics and roles of a scene will almost certainly help you pull it off successfully.

Acting Out a Role For a Scene

Assuming the role (deciding that you want to be the role for the duration of the scene or longer), as opposed to acting it out for the duration of the scene and for the benefit of your partner, may be the most effective way to ensure that the scene is a success, but reality should never be allowed to retire from the scene. If you don't feel that you can fully assume the role, then act it out for the duration of the scene and for your partner's enjoyment. If the scene really is not working for you, and you find that you dislike it, then get out of it, or try to modify it as you go. It's very possible that any scene you agreed to start might have a permutation that you will enjoy. If at first you don't succeed....

Living a Role

There are many permutations of roles in relationships. They may involve when and where, as well as the degree of role play. Some want to live as, say, Master/Mistress and Slave or Dog. Whatever the role, living it will require a substantial commitment, and it is advisable for the definition of the roles to allow for the players to exit from them, at least temporarily.

Before you undertake any arrangement whereby you will



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be living the role, make sure that you have talked about it. A lot. The most successful couples living roles have talked about it thoroughly, over a long period, before committing to this life. If there was little or no frank discussion beforehand, life can be terrible for both players. Your discussions should be held out of role.

As with most aspects of SM play, honesty is the essential ingredient to success. Any concealment of facts and/or desires will have to be addressed eventually, so it really is best to get them out before things start. In a way, you will be interviewing each other, maybe even reversing roles a bit to get the information you need. You could start by using something like the questionnaires at the back of this book to see which issues come out of the answers.

Some Tops take complete control of the Bottom's life, handling money, career, day-to-day activities, etc.. Others hand over these issues to the Bottom. You'll have to find out which arrangement suits you best. Your arrangement may hold for all occasions, except (maybe) when your natural family or work colleagues are close. You will have to talk about how to handle this before you begin your new life. A person's needs run deep, many of them coming from education and childhood experiences and pastimes. In the long term, you will have to ensure that these needs are met. For almost everybody, it is impractical to be completely under the Top's control. Besides, your Top may feel like a rest now and then. Interests in, say, music or sport may not be the same for Top and Bottom, so you'll have to find a way for both to satisfy these interests, in or out of role, separately or together.

It is very easy for a Bottom to convince his/herself that he/



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she has no needs other than those of the Top. This is unlikely to be the case in fact. In the extreme, it can lead to questions from the Bottom like «*Should I wash your car from the front to the back, or back to front, Madam?*» Hence, your discussions should include talk of the extent to which the Top will control the activities of the Bottom, and how much judgement the Bottom may be allowed to exercise. Again, these discussions should be held out of role. There is one issue that may not have to come up in the discussions between Top and Bottom but is, nonetheless, the responsibility of the Top in long term role play. The Top must make provision for his/her incapacity or death. A dependent Bottom could easily go to pieces if the Top were suddenly not present. After all, the Top is only human. Unless provision is made, it could do lasting psychological damage to the Bottom, and the Bottom may take a long time to trust him/herself to a Top again.

One way for the Top to provide for his/her absence is to ensure that there is a network of friends/Tops able and willing to take over and provide the necessary emotional support if an incident occurs to make the Top absent. From this quick discussion, we hope that you have some idea of the commitment necessary for living a role. It requires talk and care. By talking a lot beforehand, when you're relaxed, you'll leave little to chance.

Role Reversal

If you're known as a Top, there's no disgrace in being seen as a Bottom. So, if you're inclined to try out being a Bottom for a while, do it. It's what you want to do and enjoy that matters. Others can think of you whatever they like. You're having fun playing. We have known couples who have been in the Master/Slave roles for years, and then they decided to reverse the roles and become Boy/Daddy. Their friends took a lot of time to adjust, mainly because they had assigned labels to the pair. Our couple, meanwhile, were having fun, but they did spend a little time wondering what all the fuss amongst their friends was about.... Regrettably, even in the SM community there are those who would assign labels and stereotypes.

Role reversal can come in other forms. Consider a homosexual man playing an SM scene with a woman. To quote one of the authors: «*Now, that would be kinky.*» He also meant that it might be fun, simply because it was different from anything he's done in the last while. That example is a form of role reversal. If it feels good, what's wrong with a man playing with a woman?

You can see how easy it is to have preconceptions of what «should» or «should not» work. There really aren't any hard and fast rules when it comes to roles. We have to work with ideas and fantasies until they can be used for play. Make up your own fantasies and the rules within them, then enjoy them. Again, it's all in the mind.

TrevorJ acques

This book can be obtained in stores or directly from:
WholeSM Publishing C°, P.O.Box 75075-329, 20
Bloor street East, Toronto, Ontario M4W 3T3,
Canada. Mention Secret when ordering please.
Price: US25\$.

THE TEASE

fiction by
Michelle Wilson

I await your arrival. I am kneeling in my accustomed position, completely nude, as you instructed, knowing that you will soon walk through the door. Tonight will be a special night. You have been working with me diligently to help me learn the control I need to properly submit to you. Our focus these past few weeks has been on my ability to control my own pleasure. You would have me wait until you are ready - until your whim dictates my release. Before I willingly became your slave I was used to taking my pleasure and satisfying myself at my whim. Now of course I have had to

steady, something I couldn't have done until recently. I have been spending a lot of time bound and blindfolded, and am finally achieving some grace. I feel nothing, until suddenly my arms are yanked upwards. I hear rope drawing through a pulley. You attach the ropes to my cuffs and I am stretched upwards, my hands pulled higher, until I am on my tip-toes.

«Now, spread your legs, my darling slave,» you say. I try to comply, feeling awkward and just a little nervous. You let my arms down slightly. Then you lean down to lock a spreader bar between my ankles. «What a pretty picture you present now,» you say, and I hear the smile in your voice. «Legs spread...arms upraised, pulling your breasts up...exposed completely to me.» I flush but am not displeased.

«Do you know why you're here, Michelle?»

«No, my master, I do not.»

«Tonight will be a test of sorts for you, my love. Pass it, and you will be one step closer to the submissive I know you want to be. Fail it, and the training will continue unabated. Tonight's test is to see how well you may control yourself. To see if you can resist the pleasure of orgasm despite all my ministrations. Now, before we begin, tell me this - whose



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unlearn this willful behavior. It has been difficult but you have been very patient. Tonight you have told me we will test the results of our work. The door opens smoothly and I see only your shoes as you walk up to me. You gently caress my head and say, «Beloved, it is time.» I desire to lean into your caress, to feel the tenderness there, but I remain still. I know you expect no less from me. You have not given me leave to respond.

«Are you ready for this evening, sweet slave?» you ask.

«Yes,» I whisper.

«Now,» you say, «raise your hands above your head.» I do this obediently. I stretch upward to meet your command, feeling my breasts rise and becoming again aware of my nakedness. You circle slowly around me. From behind I feel the warm leather as cuffs close around my wrists, You lock them in place. Using the clasps as a handle, you lead me through the house. You take me to our special room. Before we enter you take a silk scarf from the door knob and tie it around my eyes. I reach out with my other senses, trying to smell, hear, touch; to sense any way I can what is coming. You open the door and lead me to the center of the room. «Put your arms out in front of you,» you say. I do this and am pleased to find I am able to remain rock



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body is this, my love?» You touch my shoulder gently and I warm to your sweet fingers.

«Yours, my master.» I whisper. And already, with a Pavlovian response to those words, I am flush with desire.

«And whose heart is this?» You touch my skin over my heart and feel its strong beat.

«Yours,» I whisper.

«And whose soul?»

«Yours.»

«And whose mouth is this, beloved?» you ask as you gently kiss my parted lips.

«Yours, my master.»

«And whose sweet little pussy is this?» you say as you part my nether lips with your hand.

«Oh!» I murmur, lost at once in your caress.

«Hmmm?» you ask, as your fingers continue to tease me.

«Yours,» I manage to say, as I shiver involuntarily.

«Ah,» you smile. «A lovely litany, my beloved. Now do not forget what you are and who you belong to as this training begins.» I quiver in anticipation but also with trepidation. I am afraid this test is too early, that I lack the control necessary to resist your talented and merciless touch. Just as I begin to tense with worry, I feel your gentle touch again on my cheek. I relax, and begin to breathe as you have taught me. I prepare to enter that submissive state where you control all my actions. I hear your special chest drawer glide open and the rattling of toys. I wonder what you have in store for me. I gasp as you wrap your lips around my nipple suddenly. It hardens instantly in your mouth. You swirl your tongue around it until I moan slightly and lean into your mouth as much as my restraints allow. Another moan escapes my lips as you cup my mound and slip a finger inside my moistness. I am wet already, and hope you are not displeased by my obvious desire.

«Your test tonight will be as follows. I will tease and tempt you until your juices run all the way down your legs. Once your sweet juice reaches your ankles, I will lick my way back up. Then and only then will I grant you release. Do you understand these instructions?» Mutely, I nod. With that you cup my breasts in your hands a bit roughly and kiss my nipples with your hot, sweet mouth. I savor the feeling, allowing myself this early on to enjoy the sensations without attempting to control myself. Your mouth moves down as you kneel in front of me, your tongue licking its way down my belly as your hands remain on my breasts. It feels lovely and I only wish I could see you there, your strong arms on me, your beautiful hands covering my breasts. You work your way down and nuzzle your nose in my curly mons. I smile and press into you. Then you move down to find my silken bare lips. I twitch and moan a bit. Even as often as you have kissed me thus, I still feel the wonderful shock of that first kiss. Your tongue probes and swirls all around my now hard little button. Your hands come down to join your mouth and I feel them on my inner thighs. You feel my heat and you intensify your efforts. I feel so buttery and wonderful. Were I not suspended now I would fall to the ground. I sigh deeply and you pull away.

«Slave!» you say to me, «Have you forgotten your test?» I am dimly aware you are speaking to me. I had indeed forgotten, it seems. I swallow and lick my lips and stand taller.

«My master, «I breathe, «Uh, no! No, I have not.»

«I think you have, little slut girl. So I will help you remember,» you say in a low voice. I hear you move back from me then. I cannot see you but I can feel you surveying me. I color slightly, imagining the sight I must present, arms outstretched overhead, legs spread to just that point of slight discomfort, back arched slightly, breasts thrust



forward by the way I am hung. I am relieved at this reprieve, this time to refocus on the duty at hand. Suddenly I am shocked by the sharp pressure of cold metal on the tips of my breasts. As the clamps bite into my flesh, another moan is wrenched from me. «Oh,» I whisper, trying not to betray my sudden shock and pain. You give the chain between my now shackled breasts a slight tug.

This should help you focus, my slave.» you say. «And, since you feel compelled to speak without first being spoken to, I will help you to remain quiet as well.» I wonder silently at this. I have not spoken! Then I realize you must be referring to the sighs I allowed to escape from my lips as the clamps were pressed upon me. I bite my lower lip, wondering what gag you will use.

«Open your mouth,» you say. I do so and feel the cold metal of a chain. A chain? I wonder. Then I realize, as I feel the tug on my breasts - it is the chain from the clamps. «Close your mouth,» you tell me. Again I comply. There is a slight pull at my nipples but nothing I cannot easily bear. «Now,» you say, «I want you to focus on your lessons, and to think of the heavens above where sweet little angels fly about watching over you.» I smile at your imagery and look up. I gasp then in pain and realize what you have done. I start to lower my head but you sternly command, «NO! Keep looking up. In fact, for your insolence, look up even higher and keep that chain in place or you will feel the lash. Show me your obedience now or your punishment will be all the more severe!» With that you yank at the back of my head suddenly and I do indeed look up through the folds of silk over my eyes. The pain is exquisite as my breasts are raised by the tension in the chain. Tears spring to my eyes and I am afraid I don't have the courage to keep my teeth clamped on that now hot, wet, little chain.

I feel your mouth on my cunt then. It is a blessed relief to have something else to focus on. Your skilled tongue is now gliding over my vulva, you touch my inner knees and I realize my juices are already there. You chuckle to yourself as you continue to kiss and suckle me. «Ah my sweet little hot slave,» I hear you murmur. I am now a mass of sensation - the pain in my breasts offset by the pleasure in the rest of my body. I am covered in a sheen of sweat. I feel it trickling down my sides even as my pussy juice continues to mingle with your saliva and flow down my legs. I am bucking into you now. I am trying desperately to hold myself from fully enjoying the sensations to which you are subjecting me. Your hands are on my ass as you are press me against you. I am limp with the exertion of resisting. I focus on my nipples now, grateful for the dull pain there - I pull up even more with my mouth - like a tethered horse pulling on the bit.

As my aching nipples respond to the increased pressure, you kiss me like a wild man. I know I cannot resist much longer. I long to close my legs but of course the bar forbids it. You kiss your way down my leg, slowly. Your sweet lips and tongue fondle my flesh as you continue down past my inner thigh and to my calf. You laugh with delight and say, «You are almost there, love. You have almost passed the test. Be brave and continue in your struggle.»

Your words give me courage and I go deeper into my own thoughts. I focus on the relaxation techniques you have taught me, and on your beautiful face. Your hands are on my pussy now, massaging, pulling, your palm grinding into me as your strong fingers slip inside the wetness. I feel my walls clamp upon you even as I try to resist your forceful touch. You pull away and kiss down my other leg now,

slowly and tantalizingly. As your hot tongue goes past the thigh, past the calf - oh God, let it be so, I murmur oh so quietly. As if in a dream, I feel your tongue continue down even as your hands are still deliciously torturing my cunt. It goes down all the way to the ankle! You say nothing but kiss back up slowly, oh so slowly and I am now intently focused on staying my release. My heart is pounding. My breathing is ragged and loud. I am sighing and moaning through the chain, still held tight between my teeth. You stand in front of me now and I feel your hand on my face. Your fingers gently open my mouth and you allow the chain to fall. I feel your hands at my sex then, gently, perfectly touching me in that way you do that I simply cannot resist. «Michelle,» you whisper, as the smell of my own desire assails my nostrils - sex thick in the air. You remove the blindfold then and look deep in my eyes. I am lost in your soul then. Your hands glide back down my body and you again find just the spot to make me swoon.

«You have done it, my slave. I love you. Do not close your eyes. Look at me, your Master, and give yourself to me completely now.» With your words I at last allow myself to let go. Wave after wave of tumultuous, intense, searing spasms flow over me and through me. I keep looking into your eyes even as I cry out in ecstasy. I sag in my chains and feel your strong arms around me as your lips press against mine. My mouth at once yields to your kiss and the last thing I hear before I am lost in my swoon is, «you are mine.»



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B arbara N itke



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RESURRECTION

For many years I shot stills on hardcore porn shoots here in New York. I thought it was the most exciting, boring, stomach-turning, splendid, heart-warming subject a person could ever hope to photograph, and I felt honored to be among the few who got to do it.

I know that sounds crazy. But for me there was a certain feeling of freedom that went with shooting porn which, most of the time, made up for all the other things that also go with it. And then there was just the sheer silliness and insanity of it. A certain fine lunacy, which had to do with the simple fact that we shot actual sex, in all of its natural, dysfunctional glory. We shot it painstakingly - grotesquely - from every imaginable angle, in extreme close-up. And we often waited hours to do it, due to the fragile nature of the male contribution to the scenes. Although in all fairness, the actresses had ways of slowing things up too. These shoots often turned into frazzled marathons, where a Twilight Zone feeling would settle in and hover over us, until the last gasp of the last scene, which often took place in the extreme slap-happy middle of the night. That was the moment when I'd look through the lens into someone's blank eyes and see some forgotten part of me staring back.

Most New York porn people look back to those days with a certain nostalgia. The good old days when we shot real sex. Hardcore is now (for the most part) a California thing, and the latest hot trend here is toward the various fetishes -foot worship, transvestism, bondage, humiliation, corporal punishment, etc.

Sex has been banished. In order to avoid getting busted on obscenity charges, producers avoid shooting the more exotic fetishes, such as golden showers, and they also stay away from actual sex of any kind. Which puts us all in the amusing position of shooting porn flicks with no sex in them! The days and nights, for some reason, are just as long, just as frazzled. But now we wait for transvestite make-up jobs, rope-tying experts, and suspension rigs. We still tell dumb jokes, watch each other for signs of freaking out, and marvel at the fact that anybody wants to look at the cheap videos we produce. I'm still half-horrified, and half-proud, of the fact that for eleven years, this has been the one place in the world where I feel truly at home. I still standby on the set, looking through the lens, mesmerized by the human parade passing by.

The fetish scenes speak to me in an entirely different way than the slam-bam hardcore scenes did. They touch a deeper chord, in a darker way. In them I see echoes of highly charged emotional situations, childhood demons, betrayals, power plays - the feeling of being humiliated by someone you love, the little rush you get from zapping somebody. Seeing those situations turned into sources of sexual pleasure shocked me at first. Now, after seeing so many of them performed, they're not scary anymore, and I've begun to see them as just another form of human expression. I've become desensitized perhaps, but at the same time more knowledgeable, more willing to understand than to judge. We're complex beings, and our fragile individual sexuality is one of the hardest things in life for anyone to come to terms with.

I believe that looking at the darkest part of ourselves - and then embracing it in some way - is a step in the journey to personal freedom. The photographs in my Resurrection series are a record of my attempt at doing that for myself.

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by Mistr ess Xand ria

A Domina a corset

Training

...training, if at all possible, should be be-
come as possible. Once an individual has
been ten years, their bodies become more re-
sistant to change. As one does not usually discover the need for corsetry until later in life, a time when one is
"settled," it will merely take a little longer to achieve the
desired results. It is not impossible to achieve the desired
results from rigid corset training, but it is a process of
suffering, agony can be quite a part of it. However,
however, there should be no suffering in the
training. The most important factors in the process
are: diet, exercise and the use of the corset. The
diminishing their waist and the use of the corset
bending or cracking their lower back. The process
the process as best as possible. A diet of high
fibre food is a must. Do not give up giving
nutrients however. Exercise is a must. Body fat does
not fill the space within the body, the more
exercise is required to not only strengthen the
muscles. The abdomen will endure some
and by strengthening them, the body will
acclimatizing to the new shape. For each individual
specific enough to be very comfortable with a corset
purchased for the purposes of the true design

op is subjected to a corset as a means of training. They must be placed very close to the body of discomfort but not damage. Tight lacing is a feeling of euphoria, as they discuss the feeling in something when embraced by such a person. This euphoria will lead to any tasks that are required to enhance both emotional and physical health.

[illegible]

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is a ritual that fills me with a unparalleled. From sliding
nting my face and completing
ry waist clincher. Every stage
ng. Nothing thrills my blood
laced into my clincher.

which I close. The ramrod
hips and legs align as a
ind me and I begin to
arefully from both sides
the while I take
maintain my str
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...lf, donning my gear is a

There are four clips at the front which I close with my hands and ramrod with my hands on my hips and I am slightly as a dancer. TFM, stands behind me and from the beginning to the end he works the laces — he works carefully from bottom to top to centre. All the while I take in and out heavily in or out and maintain my strength by pulling the material close and tighten around my waist like and akin to an orgasm itself — I am seeing the final product in the fullness of my very narrow waist now very tight and I am feeling ever more satisfied, very, deliciously satisfied. This also thrills me.

The penultimate of all experiences occurs after a soiree, with my partner TFM. When it comes to act intercourse, there is no orgasm compared to what is experienced whilst wearing my clincher (stiletto heels being on the cake, so to speak.) The corset restricts and intensifies all physical movement. The euphoric feeling is also enhanced during intercourse resulting in a very powerful series of orgasms. Coitus positions compound the sensitivity.

...and, the ritual of Corsetry is one of the most fetishistic indulgences. I often wish I was one of those tightly laced courtesans from the past. Perhaps I was! Such delicious thoughts.

100



How to lace a Victorian Corset

If you wish to acquire a corset to go with your Victorian dress, I recommend the corsets sold by a good fetish store. While it is probably ideal to own a custom-made corset, these can be rather expensive, and I don't think they are necessary for someone who simply wants a reasonably authentic corset to wear for a special occasion.

I've never had trouble with the fit of my corsets, since the lacing is adjustable and I find that the corset takes the form of my body, with its flexible steel boning (yes, but don't worry, this was a major comfort advance over whalebone). I have been recommending these corsets for years and those I have advised have in all cases been impressed by how comfortable and attractive they are. While few people would want to see corsets come back as required everyday wear (even though I do!), and no one is endorsing the malformations that a small number of corset-wearing women brought upon themselves by excessively tight lacing, I think it is fair to say that corsets are wonderful things to wear on special occasions, when you really want to transform yourself and feel in another time. If you're going to get yourself a corset you must first of all decide which style to buy. Some corsets with bra cups, which I've never tried (they're not authentic and they are not long enough to fit my torso), may be smart choices if you ever intend to wear a corset under modern clothes. I wear Victorian-style corsets every day and they look great with costumes, but they also look good when wearing them with very tight-fitting '40's and '50's jackets. It's a look that's very much in style. I wear my corsets over a cotton camisole or a Lycra teddy. The camisole absorbs any perspiration and keeps the corset dry cleaning bill to a minimum. Washing is definitely not recommended.

The wearing of corsets takes some getting used to. It enforces the perfect posture typical of the Victorian period. You'll need to wear it a few times before you can develop the ease and grace you'll want to achieve. With respect to sizing: take your waist size and subtract 4". If you have a 30" waist, get a 26" corset. Don't worry, corsets are sized according to what they would measure if they were laced completely closed. There is supposed to be between 1 and 4 inches of space between the two sides being laced together. If you have a 30" waist. You can expect to have something like a 28" waist, when you're all laced up comfortably.

Once you choose your corset and it's delivered what do you do? A ribbon corset is short enough so that you can lace yourself easily into it but the longer corsets are more complicated because they're supposed to create an hourglass effect and for that reason can't really just be laced at the bottom like a shoe. Whichever corset you buy, what you'll find when you open the package is a firmly boned garment in two pieces (the two pieces hook up with each

other in the front, creating the bust). Once you've hooked it in front, it must be laced up the back.

You should start lacing from the top as if you are lacing a shoe. Then, when you come to the point at which you want your waist to be smallest, you should skip an eyelet, reintroducing the laces into the eyelet's immediately below the ones that have been skipped, without crossing the laces. Two corresponding loops will be created on each side, right at the waist, to be pulled later. Then continue cross-lacing the corset like a shoe. When the laces are through the bottom eyelet then either tie the laces together at the bottom or knot them so that they can't go back through the eyelets. When this is done, the loops at the waist should be pulled to the desired tightness and tied. Another option to achieve the same effect is to use two laces, one starting from the top and the other starting from the bottom, meeting at the true waist. The main principle to bear in mind is that your corset has to be wider at the



©Photography: Alwyn Coates - Völlers catalogue - available from Boutique Minuit





bust and hips and narrowest at the waist. It will be tightest at the point at which the laces are actually pulled, so you have to have the laces pulled at the middle.

Throughout the lacing process the lacer should keep making sure that the corset is snug at every point. You don't want a situation in which it is very tight at some points but sticks out at others. A corset is only really comfortable and attractive if it is tight (though not torturously so) at every point. When being laced, you don't need to hold onto a bedpost or suck in your breath (unless you want to make a production out of it). Just stand up straight and put your hands on your hips to give yourself balance. Once you've laced up however you're not finished. You should put on a bathrobe, walk around sit, cook, do whatever you want to do, for about a half an hour (minimum twenty minutes). During this time your corset will adjust to you and become more comfortable (they're amazingly adaptive).

After half an hour you can readjust your laces. You will find that you can comfortably lace tighter at this second lacing. When that's over, you're done. Unless you've been foolish, or you're masochistic, you will be amazed at how comfortable you are. You'll find that corsets, if well-made and properly laced, are restrictive but not painful. They will enforce a very flattering posture and a terrific shape, and as long as you stay within the limits they create, you'll be comfortable and at ease. You won't be able to slouch or

play football, but you'll be able to do virtually anything a well-dressed woman normally does. As you will find, it feels great, quintessentially feminine. I've almost never put anyone into one who didn't like it and who wasn't surprised by how much. When cultural analysts marvel at how women could have done that to themselves for six hundred years, I laugh. It's a silly question since I have suffered more from high heels in my life than I've ever suffered from corsets. This is one of the neat things about wearing a corset. It provides a significant amount of historical insight, especially if you're interested in the history of dress and costume. When you want to take the corset off, simply unhook the front bust after loosening the laces.

A few tips:

1. Don't eat or drink too rapidly when wearing a corset. It's easy to develop a case of hiccups if you do and hiccups when you've got a corset on are not fun.
2. Don't sit down too rapidly. Sit down slowly and gracefully, keeping your back straight.
3. If you're engaging in strenuous physical activity, like dancing, be sure to pace yourself carefully. Your breathing capacity will be less than it normally is, though it will be sufficient for virtually anything. You don't however, want to get too out of breath. If you find this is happening, stop and rest.
4. Finally: Don't overdo it, especially not the first time. You will not feel very sexy if your ribs hurt. As I know from costuming, everyone has a different corset comfort level. Two inches below a ladies' standard waist measurement (four inches below a males surprisingly) is the standard degree of tightness recommended by corsetiers. This creates a fine effect. If you want to lace tighter than this, as brides often do after they've seen "The Age of Innocence", only do it after you've had some experiences with corsets and know that you have what it takes to do it. You'll have to develop the breathing technique which can only come with practice. Tight-lacing (anything tighter than four inches) is uncomfortable, but the visual effect is amazing, and many find it exciting. Find your own pace and style. Enjoy.

I have a great deal of knowledge on corsetry, as anyone who has met me will understand, so if you have anything you want to ask about corsets or the wearing of them, then please write to me. I look forward to hearing from those of you who are corset lovers, like me.

Elizabeth
Kentucky Women

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Come and visit our site
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Lots of pictures and information
on the fetish scene.

CORSET? WHAT'S A

WHAT IS A CORSET?

So you've decided to make a small waist and now you're ready for your first corset. What's that corset going to be! For serious waist reduction you need a specialized, well-fitting garment that not only makes your waist smaller, but can be worn comfortably for long periods of time without falling apart. That eliminates a lot of popular corset-like garments that are available. For example: elasticized foundations, waist nippers and whittlers (with or without lacing) or eyehook bustiers with light boning or wide lacing belts (I call these seat belt corsets because they're made of four or more strips of webbing) or light-weight tubular corsets that put strong pressure on the ribs and hips.

None of these garments can be worn for long periods of time. They force the body into non-adjustable conditions that cause intense discomfort or pain after a few hours. And they're often made of flimsy materials that break or come apart after a few wearings. They are OK for shows, special events or an evening out, but not for serious waist training. For this you need a carefully designed and crafted garment, one that takes human anatomy, ESPECIALLY YOURS, into account! Features of a good training corset include:

1. Custom made to fit your body
2. Encloses torso from upper ribs to upper thighs
3. Made of strong fabric or leather that doesn't stretch much under pressure, especially at the waist
4. Has front opening with hooking clasps plus closely-spaced eyelets and lacing in back with a pair of puller loops at the waistline
5. Has at least sixteen fairly stiff bones
6. Designed so it creates pronounced torso curves when laced down

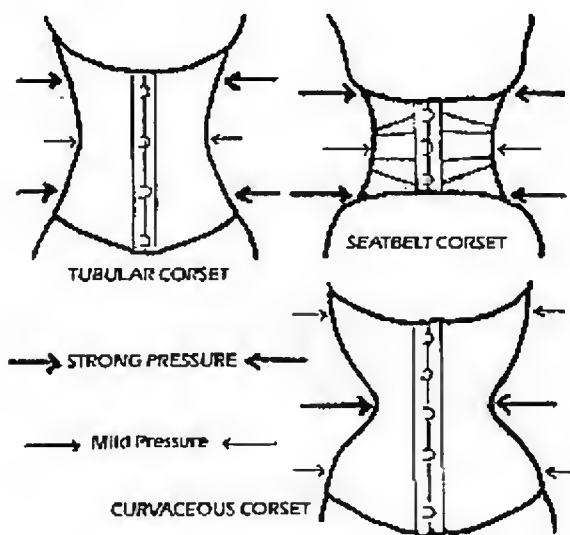


FIGURE 1

To illustrate these features of suitable and unsuitable training corsets, see my drawings in FIGURE 1. The top two examples are what I call "KILLER CORSETS". They create strong pressure on the lower rib cage and upper hips (pelvis) and mild pressure at the waist. They can reduce the waist, but only for limited periods. The bottom example (Curvaceous Corset), if carefully chosen, is the best bet for serious figure training.

CHOOSING YOUR FIRST CORSET

Assuming you now understand what to look for in a suitable training corset, the next temptation is to order that curvaceous corset with a waist that's too small. With a well-made corset, it is possible to make a fast reduction up to six, or even seven inches! But what are the consequences. Intense backpain after several hours because your kidneys have been displaced too rapidly or abdominal discomfort and heartburn because your intestines have been displaced. Sometimes you feel a sharp pain in the upper hip and/or numbness in the thighs because your body has not had time to adjust to lower body pressure. Or the corset simply pulls apart from being strained beyond reasonable capacity. Throughout years of personal experience and the training of others I've found that it's best to get a first corset with an inside waist circumference NO MORE than four inches smaller (laced closed) than the normal waist measure. It reduces the temptation of overzealous lacing. Of course, it pays to precede the first corset with Prolonged and vigorous belt pre-training. That will, in itself, reduce your normal waist measurement several inches before you order that first corset. Next, where do you get your first corset! At this time of writing, there's not much choice. Most of the skilled older corsetiers are dead or retired. And most of the new corset suppliers don't seem to have the know-how, experience or secrets needed to make a strong, well-fitting and curvaceous garment. I've passed on my own knowledge and proprietary patterns to Ruth of B.R. CREATIONS. Other than B.R. (only competent U.S. source I know), there's Michael Garrod in England, Van der Klis in Amsterdam and Zows in Germany. But I am considering reopening my former HOURGLASS CORSET CO. to make well-fitting standard corsets. The need is there.

USING YOUR FIRST CORSET

When you have your first corset, the first thing you need to do is figure out a regime. That is a repeatable daily pattern/schedule of corseting to fit your lifestyle. And it's a good idea to learn to lace yourself (unless you have a devoted, 24-hour-a-day corset slave who can constantly adjust and readjust your laces). For prolonged corset wear and training, ONLY the person inside the corset truly knows moment-by-moment the effects of the lacing. Only that person is really in a good position to know when and where



the laces should be tightened or loosened. Even though it is quite a thrill to have someone else lace you, it's best to start by learning to lace yourself.

When I started my own training in 1958 I didn't have someone to lace me, so I learned to lace myself right off. I passed on what I learned to others, and in time, discovered other corset-trained people mostly laced themselves too. By trial and error, I discovered I made the easiest and fastest adjustment to torso compression if I followed this procedure:

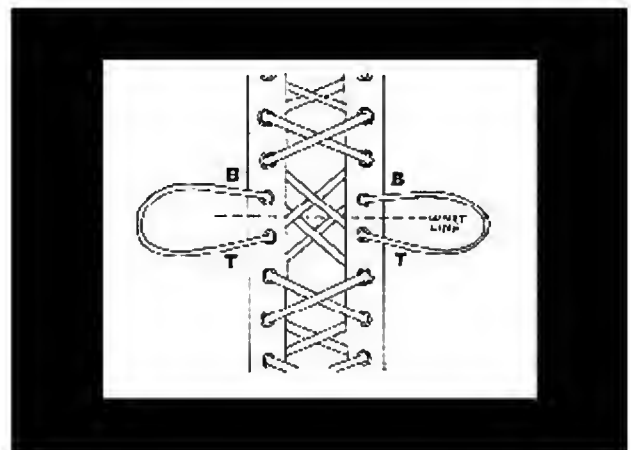
1. Use a corset that was four inches smaller (totally closed) than my belt-trained normal waist.
2. Used lots of talcum powder AND a thin chemise under the corset at all times.
3. Put the corset on with about a four-inch gap in the back and FIRST pulled about an inch out of the bottom section (normally controlled by the two LOWER laces of the puller loops), then about an inch out of the top section (normally controlled by the two UPPER laces of the puller loops). One soon learns to find the correct lace to pull on by feel. NOTE: UPPER AND LOWER CONTROL CAN BE REVERSED, see Figure 2: Optional Self-Lacing Pullers.
4. Next step was to slide a 2" to 3" wide lace protector behind the lacing, then remove an inch or more of slack out of the waist section by pulling on ALL FOUR puller laces at the same time.
5. At this point I pause to adjust my body inside the corset by gently sliding the corset back and forth a few inches and pulling my body up by gripping the corset waist firmly with both hands. I would then reduce the corset another inch by repeating BOTTOM, TOP and WAIST section reduction described in #3.
6. For long-term wear and training, I leave the corset with approximately a two-inch gap for rather long periods of time (four to twelve hours) before attempting further reduction. I found out right away that I could easily learn to sleep with a two-inch reduction, rise early in the morning, use the toilet, and with little effort, pull myself down the other two inches for comfortable corset wearing till noon.

ADJUSTING TO YOUR FIRST CORSET

After you've got your first corset, break it in (it's like a new pair of shoes), and yourself, by gradually increasing the time you wear it each day. At first you should try wearing the corset 4 to 6 hours at a time, and alternate corset wear with your training belt. Use the belt between corseting sessions to hold the gains you've made with the corset. The belt will also give you some daily hours of less constricted freedom for exercise and worktime. Try to spend at least twelve hours a day with a reduced waist.

As soon as you're able to sleep comfortably in your corset (at a two-inch reduction), you are ready to begin concentrated training. Select a weekend or week to start. Make a vow to yourself that you'll spend as much of each day as possible with a reduced waist, either in the corset or the belt. You'll also want to start this period of concentrated training by drastically reducing your food intake. Try eating small amounts of light food frequently enough (two or three times a day) to maintain proper blood sugar levels. I prefer melons, fruit and toast. Others have used green salads, cereals and small amounts of protein (tuna, broiled chicken breast, etc.). Before you eat, loosen the corset (or belt) to about a two inch reduction. Allow 2 to 4 hours after you eat before retightening. During concentrated training, you'll find what I call your COMFY CORSET SIZE (CCS), that is the tightness for any particular time of day when you can go for hours in relative comfort, with no increasing discomfort. It's during these periods of CCS that you'll make the greatest gains in sculpting your body. You'll soon learn that when you're at your CCS, your corset laces will stay pretty much where they are when you untie them-not slide loose the instant they're unfastened. As days go by, your CCS will slowly decrease until you can wear your first corset closed for 12 to 16 hours a day. Then you are ready to order your SECOND CORSET with a waist an inch or two smaller.

OPTIONAL SELF-LACING PULLERS: top laces (B) control corsets BOTTOM; bottom laces (T) control corsets TOP



This article was pulled out the excellent magazine Body Play and Modern Primitives by Fakir Musafar. You can get more information at this address: Insight Books, P.O.Box 2575, Menlo Park, California 94026-2575, USA. They also edited an excellent book called simply BODY PLAY, the book, volume 1. It's an example of body worship at its best.

K i n b a k u

Punishment and the beauty of Japanese bondage (Kinbaku)

The history of S&M in Japan

Masami Akita is a performer, an artist, but above all he is a composer. His second CD "Music for Bondage performance" with his group Merzbow is impressive. The leaflet inside learned us the History of S&M in Japan. It gives you a very good sketch of the evolution of S&M. Here is it.



©Masami Akita

S&M Art has taken many forms in Japan and this relates directly to the history of Japan. One established genre of S&M art is what is known as the J oshu or female prisoners stuff. When we say "female prisoners" or "J oshu" stuff, we generally refer to those pictures of torture from the period between the battle of Onin (1467) throughout Sengoku and Edo periods to Meiji.

Sengoku period is noted for its cruel methods of torture - fire, knife (to cut off parts of the body), tattoo, rocks, boiling water, divining blocks and rocking horses, and so on and so on. The most brutal forms of execution and torture were employed during this period of hell on earth. The methods of torture and execution used against the Christians were most barbaric. It should be noted, however, that there is nothing uncommon about brutal religious prosecutions throughout history. Elsewhere the believers of 'wrong'

religions have been treated separately from the rest of the population. Christians in Japan got their ears, fingers and noses chopped off, which were originally punishments for those who committed the crime of treachery and deceit. It was meant to give maximum public humiliation by physical deformation.

The Tokugawa government laid out in 1742 the foundation of crime laws, which spelled out seven different types of punishment - death, exile, slavery, forced labour and so forth, as well as four kinds of torture - whip (mutchiuchi), pressing stone (ishidaki), bend by rope (ebireme) and hung by rope (isur zeme). It has to be noted that all four official methods of torture from this period are still considered the main stream torture patterns in the S&M art today. You could say the foundation of today's S&M art was laid down then.

The other interesting aspect of punishment in this period is public disgracing. Public disgracing of criminals and public execution was common before a Yamato dynasty was set up in Nara in 794. The execution of women was not open to the public then but became acceptable during Edo period. According to "History of Punishment in Japan" (Takigawa Masajiro), criminals were tied to a horse and dragged around the city with a note describing the crime, the author noted that women criminals aroused the perverted interests among the male on-lookers. The purpose of public disgracing was to deter ordinary folks from committing crimes by indicating the consequence, as well as to humiliate the criminals to the maximum. Women suffered more from public disgracing, which is a dominating theme behind today's bondage art.

Japanese society became more stable following the reign of Ietsuna and Tsunayoshi, fourth and fifth Tokugawa shoguns, and acts of punishment became more theatrical. At the height of Edo culture, depiction of punishment had become a genre and punishment became increasingly popular as a form of mass entertainment with a tinge of agitation. The artistic characteristics of today's S&M, especially J oshu stuff and bondage, stem significantly from this period.

The actual act of torture and punishment is almost always carried out by the lower class officials. During the Edo period, when the social hierarchy was established, catching the criminals was the job assigned to the lower class officials such as Yoriki and Doshin. Meakashi and



Okappiki who are frequently featured in today's period novels were private detectives, official status being "merchants", employed by Doshin.

Binding up with rope was the art developed and maintained by Doshin, because different roping was required for people from a different class. Roping up wrongly would embarrass not just the criminals but also the officials. Some roping techniques have only been handed down orally or were kept secret.

Public humiliation and the authorities

There is an element of public ridicule of authority in the S&M art. Take an example of a pre-war picture which depicts the wife of the reactionary man being tortured and raped by a thought police officer. One from the Edo period shows female prisoners shamed by a local constable. A more modern example shows a male department store attendant toying with the body of a school girl who was caught shoplifting. Another shows a female office worker getting raped by a station master who caught her fare cheating.

In these pictures, the act of raping and torture is "justifiable" because their victims did wrong. You can say there is a tinge of sadism involved. The victims accept the crime and punishment, yet still tremble from the sheer humiliation. The social position of women in these pictures is so fragile that it amplifies the power balance between the aggressors and the tortured. The frailty, weakness and these characteristics of women are presented here many times multiplied. They arouse the sense of shame even more and stimulate the masochistic appetite. No ordinary rape S&M art could attain this.

Still, you could not categorise all people who get excited

by these pictures as sadists. They might be excited by sympathising with tortured and raped girls in these pictures. In other words, they might feel satisfied with sharing the tremble of the body, an accelerating heart beat and a wet crotch from the fear. This does not mean that they are all masochistic either. Indeed, this is where the fine line between S&M lies.

S&M magazines during the Post War period

"The only recognition I ever received, as a person who has studied bondage since 1908, was the pervert tag" said Ito Seiu in an article published in Amatoria magazine in 1953. During his time, the word S&M was not even in the public usage - it was all swept under the carpet, and the purveyors were called perverts.

When Ito wrote this, in the early fifties, it was at the time when post-war pulp magazines were transforming into more mass market oriented erotic journals. It was indeed in 1953 when one of those pulp magazines, Kitan Club, transformed into an authentic "abnormal" magazine. Kitan Club, when launched in 1948, was an ero-thetic magazine aimed at the "normal" people. The transformation was sparked by series of bondage pictures by Kita Reiko - who is also known as Suma Toshiyuki, the magazine editor of Kitan Club and Uramado, and a novelist under the name of Minomura Ko. He claimed to be the "last disciple of bondage master, Ito Seiu".

"Yomikiri Romansu" was another magazine full of B-grade erotic novels with the format similar to then popular "Married Couples" magazine. The Romansu magazine had bondage photos and pictures by the editor, Ueda Seishiro, who was influenced heavily by Ito Seiu. Ueda was a regular at photo sessions organised by Ito. Many bondage photos from these sessions ended up on the pages of fledgling S&M magazines such as Kitan Club and Uramado. You could say, the spirit of Ito Seiu, the great roping master, is handed down to the present day via these magazines of the fifties.

The Uramado magazine was launched in 1955, initially a magazine of period novels, it transformed into an S&M magazine around 1960 due largely to the effort of Lida Toyokaru, ex-editor of Kitan Club. Lida later became the major contributor, known as master roper Nureki Chimuo, to the golden days of S&M magazines in the seventies and to the rise of S&M videos later.





©Masami Akita

With all new directions and designs, Uramado proclaimed on the cover to be "the most extraordinary S&M magazine in the country". The magazine nurtured talented photographers like Yoshida Kyu and Fujisawa Shu and artist, Nakagawa Ayako. The magazine also printed lots of photos and pictures imported from overseas via Phoenix Co.

Morishita Takashige of Phoenix had contacts with many "maniacs" and "collectors" of the US West Coast, such as John Willy and Fakir Musafar, then the publisher of Fancy, the world's first modern primitive magazine. Incredibly, Musafar had already paid a visit to Japan and was introduced by Kanta Mori (Morishita) as an exponent of anomalous piercing mania, in Fuzoku Kitan magazine.

Unfortunately Uramado crashed in the mass suppression of similar publishers in the 60s. The demise of Uramado signalled the end of a golden era of "abnormal" magazines in the post war period. Maybe it was not acceptable yet to proclaim S&M media openly, the second heyday of the S&M magazines arrived in the early 70s through to the eighties, which spawned out titles like SM Collector, SM Select, SM Kitan, SM Mania. SM Fan, SM Sniper and SM King.

Pornography and S&M

The subtle differences existing in the S&M art, and the differences in various magazines, is hard to explain to a novice. To the eyes of many they all look the same: victimisation of women. There are roughly two streams in the S&M art in Japan: ones depicting the dark aesthetics of S&M and the others, much lighter and more pornographic. One should remember it was only since Dan Oniroku wrote a novel "Flower and Snake" that the vagina became more prominent and vibes and enemas for anal penetration were added to the S&M art. So-called soft core S&M and S&M clubs today are the

products of the second stream. It is obsessed with vagina, cunt and anus, women's private parts which were not regarded important in the traditional S&M art, in this new and popular form, "S&M" is just foreplay, downgraded to a mere entree to the main act of sexual intercourse. It is certainly not seen as pursuit of aesthetics. There is nothing wrong with physical intercourse, but S&M art is not a part of it. Popularised S&M is not the real thing because it does not thrive in the pursuit of the art of torture.

Masami Akita

If you are interested in the history of bondage photos from the post war period, please look for my publication, "History of bondage photos of Japan (Nihon Kinbaku Shashin Shi)" published by Jiyu Kokumin Sha. It has three hundred illustrations.

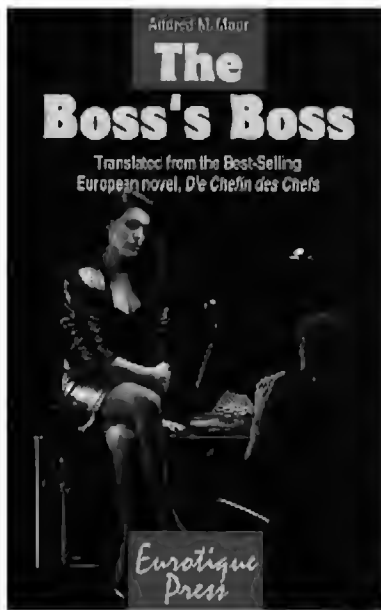
If you wish to contact Masami Akita, you can also write to Secret who will forward all inquiries.

The CD "Music for Bondage Performance 2" is available from Extreme, P.O. Box 147, Preston 3072 Victoria, Australia. Reference: XCD 034.

**So you have to face your
inner truth and suffer.**



©Masami Akita



The Boss's Boss

This provocative and erotic thriller is a translation of the German novel "Die Chefin des Chefs" and the book explores the world of sadomasochism and sensuality. Here is a small part for you to enjoy:

Rebecca? He opted for a diplomatic solution and asked in the round, if a lady would volunteer. But Rebecca didn't agree with that. "You must choose the lady by yourself! She still can say no, if she doesn't want to." Rebecca obviously wanted to force him to choose her.

Frank didn't understand this woman. He wasn't sure how to proceed. But he had the expectation of the group, who demanded a certain participation from him. Ready for anything, he turned towards Rebecca. "I want you to be at my service, he means, in the evening. She joined in and played her role expertly. Rebecca knelt in front of him and said: "Do everything I want, master."

It was a final test for him. As a man, a woman behaved subserviently. "Do you look like you?" he asked. Rebecca looked at him and said: "What are you waiting for? Get on with it, master." Obviously, he sounded confident. Rebecca took off her skintight dress. She kept her garter belt, her lace underwear, garter belt and stockings. He objected her to the same scene. He sat her on a chair, let her kneel down in front of him. When he signalled Carla to join in, she didn't take the full responsibility. He asked Carla to determine the limits for the evening.

He was sure, he would not hurt her girlfriend. Could it be that he needed to play this role, as he had assumed for a long time? However, pretty soon, he felt some discomfort. He told Carla to stop. Rebecca got up, slipped on her skintight dress, on which Frank pulled up the long tie deliberately, while he stroked over her waist tenderly with the other hand.

In that moment, an irresistible craving came over him, which he couldn't explain. He felt he might do something in a minute, he would be sorry for afterwards. He turned around to Rebecca and hugged her in impetuous excitement. His body shook as he wildly and passionately kissed her neck and ears, pressing his face into her hair. Rebecca enjoyed being the object of such intense desire, even though she tried to get out of his embrace. "What's gotten into you? Has your love-hate relationship flared up?" she joked. Frank wasn't in the mood for joking. He seemed to have forgotten

the whole world around him. Carla's possible reaction to his behaviour didn't bother him at the moment. While Carla hadn't missed this short episode, she let it slide.

After the dinner, a rich buffet with innumerable delicacies, they danced. While Carla danced with a few men, Frank endeavoured to hold Carla in his arms. The role playing game at the beginning of this event had aroused a feeling in him for that woman, he hadn't previously discovered. Was it because they had humiliated each other? Or was his excitement caused by the look at her half-naked body or the exclusive leather dress?

In the second part of this evening the games continued. The guests could make up a wish of what they, their partners or a few other guests should do. The suggestions were given anonymously and collected by one of the girls. Rebecca read each wish aloud.

There had been no limits to the fantasies of the guests. One lady wished to be tied together naked with a man of her choice for twenty minutes. A rather delicate situation for the man she would choose. The man was to "make out" by touching the other six participants' bodies with just his hands and lips with his eyes blindfolded. However, if he touched areas where they didn't liked to be touched, he would get his fingers hit with a stick, like in elementary school. Too bad his partner wasn't among the participants. As his blindfold was removed, his hands were evenly flushed red. A few shoe fetishists wished to drink champagne from a lady's pump, as was shown in older Hollywood films. Specially dressed for the game, a middle aged couple played an impressive scene. In a wild manner with erotic effect, they tore the clothes from their bodies, until they stood there naked.

Despite all of these unusual games, it didn't end with excesses. The aesthetics were never offending; the mutual respect had always been looked after. After the first inhibitions, the guests allowed the development to take its course, without losing self control. Rebecca knew from experience that events of this kind were risky and could easily turn into excesses, if clear limits weren't set in advance and those who stepped over these limits were forced to leave immediately.

Available from your local bookstore or directly from Eurotique Press, 3109 45th Street, Suite 100, West Palm Beach, FL 33407-1915, USA Price: 16.95. ISBN: 0.945456.23.9

RUBBER

CARE and REPAIR

Many of our readers often ask me: «How to glue latex? or How to sew them, or repair it? It's not simple and I advice them to send it back to the manufacture that sold it, and get it done by a professional. This way you get a guarantee and you don't have all the problems with glue, etc. I have done some research so to help you out a bit and here it is.

Sewing Garments

An industrial sewing machine is required for this method of construction. We recommend a walking foot machine such as Seiko LSW-8BL. The timing should be adjusted to help the latex through the machine better, feeding the pattern pieces through with light tracing paper placed underneath, which will make the task a lot easier. A constant tapping of the machine pedal as opposed to a constant stream feed, will allow better overall control and give a better finish.

Gluing garments.

When gluing garments we recommend the following method of construction:

- 1.Clean the sheet/pattern pieces with warm soapy water to remove protective dusting.
- 2.Clean the seams to be bonded with a J -Cloth impregnated with methylated spirits.
- 3.Apply a film of adhesive to both seams using a spreader. The spreader will provide an excellent bond and base for the adhesive to adhere to.
- 4.Dry the seams with a dryer. Take care not to burn the glue! The use of a dryer will cut down construction time rapidly and allow a faster rate of production.
- 5.Join the seams together and apply fingertip pressure.
- 6.Use a wallpaper roller to roller the seams together, to improve adhesion.
- 7.Allow twenty-four hours for the bond to complete.

Care of latex garments

- 1.Avoid creasing of the fabric by hanging in a wardrobe.
- 2.Do not tumble dry.
- 3.Do not dry clean.
- 4.Do not bleach.
- 5.Do not iron.
- 6.Do not dry on top of heaters.
- 7.Wash in warm water after use, with a minimum of soap and little talcum powder in the water. This helps the latex from sticking to itself.
- 8.Dry flat on top a towel.
- 9.Dust with talcum powder to protect the surface and hang in a dark place, covering the garment with a black plastic bag with air holes in it.
- 10.When ready to wear again the garment should be sprayed with a silicone spray, to further enhance the natural gloss and remove the talcum powder. This is best done several hours before the garment is intended to be worn. The surface may also be lightly buffed with a polish such as Mr.Sheen, with a lint free cloth.
- 11.Take care not to get Aerosol propellants onto the garment, use a pump container if possible.

Storage and safety

- 1.Keep away from naked flames as Latex is flammable.
- 2.Latex is not considered hazardous. However some people may be allergic to natural Latex.
- 3.Store below 26°C. Maximum operating temperature 82°C.
- 4.Avoid crushing the rolls, as creases are very difficult to remove.
- 5.The powder coating in surface of the roll is there to protect it during storage. Only remove with soapy water when you intend to use the roll. The powder is of vegetable origin and is not harmful if inhaled.

So I hope that your rubber clothing may give you a life time pleasure and if you want to add anything to this, please do, your welcome. If I made any mistakes here, well tell me aswell, we are there to improve...

Jürgen Boedt



Interview Mistress Julie

If you weren't a professional dominatrix, what job would you most enjoy having?

NONE!

What are the least and most enjoyable moments of your work day?

Least enjoyable... I guess getting ready. It takes a lot of time getting dressed, hair, make-up etc., getting the dungeon set up, and doing (or supervising) all the horrible mundane things that need to be done before-hand. Most enjoyable - a really funny, easy going client, whom the chemistry just sparks with and with whom you don't want the session to end with. I love meeting new clients, and especially love novices that I can train from start to finish. There's something very fulfilling for me, training a novice. I enjoy this a lot.

What sort of automobile do you drive?

What a funny question! I drive a Z28 Camaro. Why?

What do you listen to while driving in it?

Oh gosh, I have a 20 CD player that really rockets, quite like the car, and has the most varied amounts of music you could believe.... I guess my friends envy me the most because of the great techno/dance CD's that I get while travelling at home or in Europe. They are out there at least 18 months before they get here, so when I go dancing, I have tons of friends who are DJ's that are always borrowing my stuff, so that their clubs have the latest sounds! I also have country and western CD's.... (I hope this doesn't ruin my credibility!), I listen to a lot of Enigma & Chant type of music, alternative, and classical.

Please describe how you came to the realization of your proclivity for erotic dominance.

Actually it was while doing my first live session. It was just so very erotic to me, and I'd never had an orgasm before until after the session when I'd gone home and was replaying it in my mind. Now mind you at that point I was almost 18, had sex with one person a few times, and had never 'come'. It was very shocking that not only did the psychological aspect of S/M greatly interest me, but also that sexually it stimulated me.

How large is your clientele?

To me, relatively large! It's impossible for me to give a number.

What most often surprises you about your clients?

Nothing at all. In the very beginning when starting out, the main thing was that they were really nice guys.

What percentage of your clientele is regular?

I'd say, approx 90%. However, you must understand that in a lot of these cases, my clients are either in other states, or other countries, so regular for them, is perhaps seeing me once or twice a year... However in the immediate area, most of my regular clients tend to see me approx every 3 - 5 weeks. (No doubt they'd be here daily, if there unfortunately wasn't a monetary issue)

What were you like in high school?

Oh, in High School they always put on my report card that 'Julie is extremely bossy, and very much of a leader'. I could never understand why they made this sound like a bad thing. As far as grades go, I was pretty much a B average student, but received A's in English Lit, English Language, Computer studies and French. In Primary School I had been bumped up a year because of excelling in reading etc., so I was always the youngest in my class throughout HS, and graduated at just 15 years of age. However, I always felt a lot 'older' than most of my friends.

Would your close friends from adolescence be shocked to find out about your career as a dominatrix?

NO!! My really close friends already know, and they think the occupation suits me down to a Tee... However

when they first found out, they did want to know the in's and out's. Now they know, they think it's a great career choice for me.

How do you think that coming from Ireland influenced you most profoundly?

I think that I am much more open minded & down to earth than my 'american' friends & acquaintances, and I also think that living in Ireland made me a lot more tougher, and perhaps wiser as things in general are just a lot harder to come by - such as cars and work, etc., and I wasn't handed things on a silver platter. Because of growing up there, my entire life is centered around enjoying life, instead of killing myself working 70 hours a week 48 - 50 weeks per year like most americans. Europeans work to live, and americans live to work.



If you attended college, what did you study?

I did go to college. I went to a University in England for 2 years, studying psychology, and half way through at the age of 18 I decided I wanted to transfer Uni's. The sister Uni was in Australia, so that was half of the motivating factor! Once there, I spent 2 years finishing up my first degree, and at the same time that I moved there, took up a part time 2 year degree (which p/t took 4 yrs) in Business and Finance. So I majored in both Business & Finance, and in Psychology. (she a smart girl you know...redac)

Besides your Website, for what else do you use your computer?

Absolutely everything! Book keeping, money management, customer & friend data-bases, a filing cabinet, desk top publishing, games... I use my computer more than any other household item, including my stove, microwave, or bedroom!!

Do you ever have fantasies of submission?

Of course, and I don't think I could be such a great dominatrix if I hadn't tried out the other side of the coin a few times either...

If so, do you ever act on them? If so, with whom?

Yes, I've acted on them.... The trouble is, finding someone that I respect, who "could" dominate me. This is terribly hard for me, as I'm a very dominant person 99.999% of the time. For me, this "other person" has to also be dominant in every aspect of their life also and not just in the bedroom, or dungeon. It's something that for me just can't be faked.

Describe a situation during which you had a hard time not bursting out in laughter during a session.

I don't think this is a fair question, because any subs reading it may think that they are being ridiculed, which they aren't (unless of course they're in need of a strong dose of humiliation!) and actually to be honest during a lot of sessions, both myself and the client laugh at the situation, or something that's being done to him, or he's doing to me.

However, on one occasion, the session needed another male. Well because of the short notice, and spontaneity I decided one of my 'vanilla' friends could help me out.... BAD IDEA!!! He'd been down in my dungeon before, knew what I did, so I didn't think there'd be a problem...

Well the scenario was supposed to go something like this:-

This sub, really wanted to get on his hands and knees, spread his butt cheeks, and offer himself to this male domme... (The sub was a straight married male) Well, I told my friend all that would be needed of him, would be to say a few choice words to this submissive, and unzip (with

much noise for effect) his trousers. I would be there, with a dildo, which I would then use to slap this sub's ass with, and my friend would be providing the dialog.

The sub was hooded, and in position, when we came downstairs into the dungeon, well once my friend took one look, he just totally lost it, he started cracking up, and I was so shocked, and pissed, that I pushed him into the other scene room, which is padded, and closed the door. Well big mistake, his laughter just boomed, and echoed from this other room, and he just was totally cracking up....losing it.

Well just as I'm about to apologise, or try to skip on by this faux pas, my sub's just coming all over the place, it lasted for ages.... and he's thanking me profusely. It seems the humiliation and just hearing my friend, made him explode! (Thank God!)

**Please tell us where you draw the proverbial line. That is, which requests by clients have you not felt comfortable about fulfilling?**

Mainly sexual requests, (they should be at a prostitute's place of business) and no I'm not looking down on or slamming hookers. I think prostitution should be made legal, and the girls if they want to do it, should be allowed to do whatever they please with their bodies. And I've been friends with several of girls in this type of a profession.... (And no, you're not having their numbers...smile)

Requests which I deem unsafe, or unsanitary will not be followed through with either.

Would you agree that your purportedly submissive clients are actually the ones in control, by virtue of your**being the one who helps them enact their fantasies?**

I don't agree with this for several reasons. First being, that I will never do anything that I don't want to, and just because I didn't think of it, doesn't mean I'm being submissive following through with someone else's ideas.

Secondly, in every submissive/dominant relationship (or good one) it should be 50/50. You would never do anything to another person that had not been agreed on in the beginning. Otherwise it's then termed ABUSE. The idea in a S/M relationship or encounter being ... MUTUAL RESPECT.

Thirdly, usually the client, has just a specific item, such as being paddled, in mind in his fantasy, he doesn't have a scenario, or any idea that other things would feel even better, other than that one paddle he has been fantasizing about. This is where I come in, and start to teach him about other practices, equipment, and the meaning of



S/M. I also make up my own fantasy which will include that paddle and a relationship then develops. If he doesn't like it, then he is free to go.

Do you ever establish friendships with clients away from the session?

Sometimes, of course. Or at least other types of professional relationships, such as I get a lot of legal advice from my clients who are lawyers, I get help with buying computers, and installing software, from clients who work with computers, or put them together (this is great because no longer do I have to be on hold for an hour waiting on tech support!) and I believe all of the relationships that I have with returning clients, are friendly. If I didn't like them the first time or two that we played together, then they wouldn't be allowed to come back.

What do you suppose your clients would be most surprised to learn about your private life?

Gee, if I told you, then it would no longer be a surprise to them! I really don't know, most think it's strange that I do 'normal' things when not working. Or that I wear jeans or shorts, and no make-up when I'm not 'working', but rather just hanging out! Why I don't know....

The clients that get to come to my house, and be in the place that I live, seem most surprised by my taste in decorating - Victorian furniture & cherry wood, they seem surprised that I collect blue & white Chinese china, such as is made by Spode, or that I have a doll collection, and they seem most interested in trying to take in everything around them about me. Most of them enjoy doing this, so that they learn more about me, and will then in order to please me, surprise me with an item that I collect, or buy me a book on it etc., etc.,

In which aspect of your life are you the version of yourself that you most admire?

I think in every aspect of my life there is something in it that I admire. I try to do good with every situation, and if it's something that I think would disgrace myself or close friends and relatives, and would be considered an unadmirable quality, then I don't do it.

Do your parents or siblings know that you're a dominatrix? If so, what are their feelings?

My mother and father know and my father thinks it's fine, and respects my choice. He gets concerned about my safety. My mother thinks I'm a whore, my brother who's only 14 doesn't know, but when he's 16 and moves out here permanently I'll tell him, and I know he won't have a problem with it.

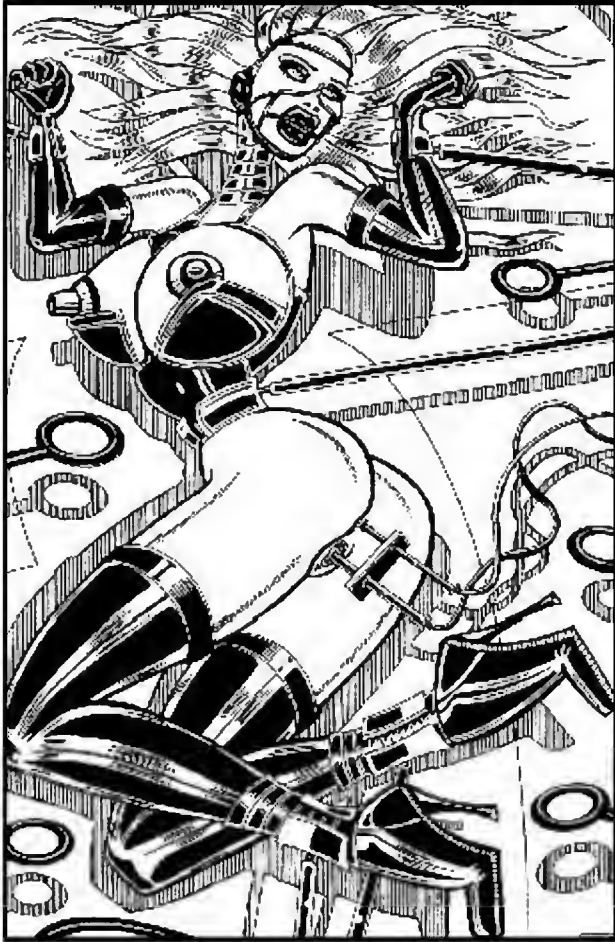
I'm sure my extended family knows also, (my mother would have made sure of that) and they don't say anything. They'd probably rather wish that I had a more of a 9 - 5ish office type of a job.... but oh well! C'est la Vie!

To see Mistress Julie & her Associates in action, and to find out how to set up an appointment, please check out her web site, at <http://www.MsJulie.com> For those of you who don't have internet access.... oh dear.... you may call 301-929-6384 and leave a message on our voice mail, and we will return the call at our convenience. Please note, for in-person sessions we are located in the Washington DC area and we do provide phone domination, and e-mail training. To find out prices send us some e-mail at MistressJulie@MsJulie.com



Der Klinik

The Doktors Klinik was fully-equipped. The large room was predominately painted white, with neat solid small white floor tiles. Various medical charts of the human body and organs hung on the wall. The small square window was covered with heavy white rubber curtains which were fastened together to block out natural light. Various wall



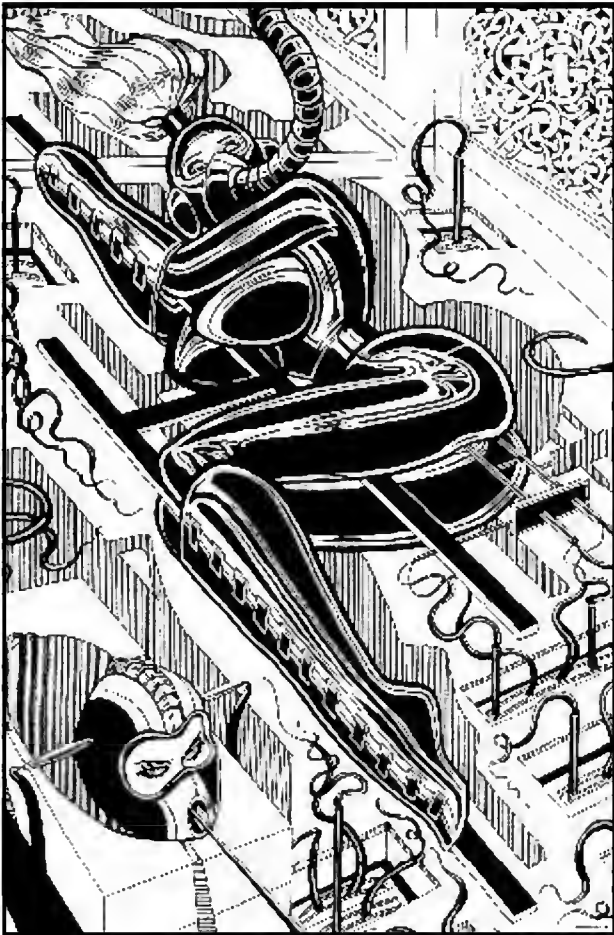
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spotlights and a large bulbous centre light lit the room. Along one wall was an empty hospital bed with metal rails, white rubber sheets and white leather restraining straps. In one corner was a toilet, wash basin, bidet and a shower unit and rubber hose, with wall straps for use in any forced patient cleansing. An industrial shaver hung ready for use in full head and body shavings, together with electric probes and shock equipment. Another wall had white wall cabinets with glass doors with red crosses, containing various medical and surgical implements, supplies and equipment. In one corner there was a solid white padded whipping bench and a collection of white punishment whips and canes for use on unruly patients. The room was completely quiet, totally insulated from the outside world. The room and its fittings had a hygienic smell, one of disinfectant and sterility. The room temperature was quite hot. Several high-backed white metal chairs with rubber padding were placed strategically around the room for the Doktor and

her medical staff. In the centre of the Klinik room a large metal gynaecological chair was fixed solidly to the tiled floor. The male patient lay uncomfortably in this horizontal chair before the commencement of his full scope medical examination. He already knew that very thorough examinations were always given in this Klinik located in a discrete German town, and previous examinations had been beneficial to him. The Doktor and nursing staff entered and the door was closed firmly behind them. One nurse was blonde and the other nurse was coloured. The three walked towards the male patient in silence, with the exception of their high heels on the floor tiles. The Doktor was a severe looking lady, in her mid-forties, tall with a little make-up. She had an air of authority and efficiency. She wore an immaculate white starched medical coat which was buttoned very loosely at the front, where her full breasts and wired laced black bra could be glimpsed. The medical coat stopped several inches above her knees. She had a metal and rubber stethoscope around her neck which hung loosely, and several chrome pens and a thermometer in her breast pocket. Her lips had dark red lipstick. Her long jet black hair was tied back in a severe bun and she wore dark-rimmed silver glasses. Her perfect legs were encased in sheer black stockings and black high heels with metal tips. As she stood there, she ran her finger up the inside of her leg,



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and the male patient could see she was not wearing any panties. The blonde nurse was younger, probably in her mid-twenties, and was stunningly attractive with long curling blonde hair, huge red lips and a deep all-over tan. She was large breasted and leggy. The coloured nurse had a truly statuesque body, like an athlete, and had short cropped gelled dark hair. Her body was hard and firm, with individual muscles standing out. Looking at them made him yearn for them. His penis was so hard.

Both nurses were identically dressed in the standard Klinik nurses uniform. They wore only a short light blue rubber apron in front, tied tight with a drawstring around their slim waists. When they walked or turned, the front apron allowed the patient to see their perfectly formed shoulders, back, buttocks and long tanned legs. They were truly arousing. The aprons allowed them full manoeuvrability in their examination work, and were easily cleaned when soiled during the examination work. Their full breasts strained at the side of the apron and a glimpse of their erect nipples could be seen, brushing against the rubber. The coloured nurse had circular nipple clips in her dark nipples. The nurses too wore black stockings and similar high heels and seemed to tower above the lowly patient. The blonde nurse smiled unnervingly at him in expectation of the examination to come. In contrast, the coloured nurse seemed stern.

The patient lay completely horizontally on the severe metal examination chair where the Head Matron and her assistant had placed him thirty minutes earlier. His buttocks were placed expertly on the one foot square section of rubber cushion. The staff had given him his compulsory cold power shower and his all over body shave. Not one pubic hair

remained around his penis. It made his penis so exposed. Droplets of water remained on his body. Then he had been expertly secured in the examination chair to await the arrival of the Doktor and her medical staff. His legs were spread wide open to their fullest extent and his anus was raised by the chair into the air, in the direction of where the Doktor and the nurses stood. They spoke in German as they examined him from afar, pointing at his exposed areas. His fear grew but he knew he could not escape from this examination. He was totally naked and vulnerable. Tight black leather straps bound his hands behind his examination chair, and bound his thighs and ankles to the two protruding legs of the metal examination chair. A wide padded surgical steel neck collar kept his neck and head raised towards the large mirror mounted on the ceiling directly above. He wore a close-fitting black rubber mask over his mouth and nose only, which was connected to an air cylinder beside the chair, through which pure air flowed freely. The mask included a deep mouth gag which prevented him from speaking, and ensured that he breathed solely through his nasal passage. He knew he was entirely dependant on these three medically skilled ladies for his future health and wellbeing.

The Doktor gave an instruction in German to the blonde nurse, who then approached him with a metal ring which she fitted tightly around the base of his penis and balls. As she fitted it, he became aroused and his penis stood up. The Doktor looked disapprovingly. As the penis enlarged, the metal band was tightened. His penis grew very red and the individual veins began to stand out. His penis was rock hard when the nurse finished, pointing up in the air towards the ceiling mirror. After another instruction an electrical wire was connected to the metal ring and one of the white chairs was moved by a nurse to beside the examination chair. The Doktor then sat on the chair, crossing her long legs and looking at him closely. She unbuttoned her medical coat and allowed it to fall open. He could see indeed she wore nothing apart from the black bra and she was shaven around her vagina. She ran her finger around her moist cunt. His penis was so erect. She adjusted a meter by the chair and soon he felt a low voltage coursing through the metal ring and his genitals. Steadily the voltage was increased and he began to moan. Then it began to pulse rapidly and he felt sharp jabbing pains at irregular intervals. She inserted the tip of her finger into her vagina and eased it in and out. He began to scream with the pain but the gag meant that little could be heard. The Doktor observed in silence as he writhed in the chair. The Doktor put on a pair of white latex examination gloves and felt the penis all along the shaft. His penis was so hard he felt it might break off. Her gloved finger wiped some cum off the tip but he knew no more would come. The Doktor appeared satisfied and the electricity stopped, as she rose off the chair beside him.

The blonde nurse then put on a pair of latex gloves also and opened a jar of deep-heat skin cream. She applied it expertly to his red erect penis, using a steady motion. His penis strained further at the arousing contact and some more fluid leaked from the top of the penis. As the eye opened the nurse used her gloved forefinger to insert some hot cream into the eye and then squeezed the head of the penis closed. His penis was on fire. He felt that he could not take much more of this examination.

The Doktor stood beside the chair, smiled and adjusted the air cylinder beside him. He sensed that the air in his face mask was changing as the familiar amyl nitrate began to enter his senses. He could hear the air flowing from the cylinder down the tubing and into his mouth piece. He tried not to inhale too much but he could not help it. He needed to breathe. The deep mouth gag ensured that all the sweet air was inhaled directly in his nose. The air was regulated expertly by the Doktor until he became heady. He felt his heart beat increase noticeably. The air was making him more submissive and he knew now that he would gladly succumb to whatever examination was intended. The sweet air dulled the pain in his genitals and eased his senses.

The Doktor commenced her examination of his anus. She also wore white rubber gloves and covered one hand with lubricant. She inserted a finger into the anal passage and moved it around. Then two fingers and he moaned at the tightness in his anus. She withdrew her fingers and spoke to the nurse. She produced a plastic receptacle which was placed below his anus and the Doktor spoke very sternly, slapping her hands firmly on his buttocks. He knew the routine and had not been to the toilet for several hours. The fear inside him meant that he would have no trouble doing as required. Several large stools came forth and fell into the waiting tray. The Doktor encouraged him further and more came until he could do no more.

The Doktor did not seem satisfied. She took one of the heavier white whips and stood by him. She shouted and encouraged him, but he could excrete no more. She gave him two severe strokes with the whip and he cried in deep pain. He pushed his bowels to deliver. But he could not. She applied two more strokes, harder this time. His buttocks were stinging. She shouted again, louder. He could not deliver. She was unhappy. She was ruthless. She applied two more strokes, one on each buttock. He was weak with the pain, but a tiny stool emerged. The last remnants. They finally seemed satisfied and showed him the tray. His shaven anus was cleaned with a wet tissue. His bowels felt completely free and empty. Upon request the blonde nurse produced a butt plug from a white cabinet but the Doktor requested a larger size. The thick plug was lubricated and inserted deftly by the Doktor. Although it slid in firmly and went deep, he felt it force his anal passage further apart than it ever had been. The plug was jammed solid in his passage. The Doktor patted his buttock in satisfaction. She ran her gloved hand over the six red welts he had received. It was a lesson in total obedience from the Doktor.

The Doktor commenced her detailed examination of the penis. This was to be fully drained too. The metal ring was released, it was held over a jar and he released all into it. The penis was still fully erect when the tight metal ring was replaced immediately. It became red and engorged. The Doktor took a long cotton bud, covered it in Vaseline, and inserted it into the eye of the penis. He inhaled sharply and jolted. The Doktor spoke sharply in German. More evil air coursed through the face mask and he relaxed. The cotton bud was moved in and out of the penis and he got used to it. After several minutes the Doktor appeared happy there was no blockages and left the cotton bud half way into the penis.

The firm bodied coloured nurse was well trained and knew the next stage of the examination. She had a thin pre-lubricated catheter ready for the Doktor who took it from her. She removed the cotton bud and instantaneously

inserted the catheter into the eye of the penis. It slid in effortlessly and he could soon feel it deep inside him. The catheter was hung from a metal rail above him where he could watch it and think of the other end deep inside him. The nurse went to the white wall sink and filled a plastic bottle with warm soapy water. The bottle was hung on the rail above and the catheter attached to the tap end. The Doktor turned the tap and he watched the water trickle down the tube towards him. Then he felt it enter his penis and into his system. He took more and more until the bottle was empty and the Doktor turned off the tap, creating a vacuum to retain the water inside. He felt full inside and his bowels began to ache with the full load. He would love to relieve himself but the metal clip prevented it.

The Doktor and coloured nurse watched him and talked in German. Then they laughed and the Doktor sat down in the corner of the clinic room. The blonde nurse began to remove her apron. Her body was beautiful. She was shaven too around the vagina. She took the same plastic bottle and fined a funnel to it, and a connecting tube to the other end. She climbed up on the examination chair and stood astride him. She was so close to him but his restraints meant that he could never touch her. She teased him. She inserted the tube into part of his face mask and he felt the tube come through part of the gag, directly into the back of his throat. He knew what was coming. She placed the funnel by her wet cunt and moaned as the golden liquid came forth. He could do nothing but drink in the warm salty liquid, gulp by gulp. She seemed to have a full load and his system expanded grew as he drunk and



drunk. She finished and stepped off, and laughed with the Doktor. She placed her hands on his chest and she felt the volume of water inside. The more she probed the more he felt the need to relieve himself. Then suddenly the three walked to the door, turned off the lights in the room and left, locking the door behind him. He lay there in the uncertainty. His anus was blocked, his penis was blocked, yet his body was bursting. He didn't know if he could last. His head span as the amyl nitrate continued to flow. After what seemed like an eternity the door opened and the coloured nurse entered on her own. She turned off the air machine and took out the mouth gag. He breathed the pure air in deeply. She smiled and bent down beside the chair. As he inhaled again her gloved hand appeared with a pile of his own excrement, and she placed it into his mouth. He recoiled, and went to spit it out but a new heavy gag was fitted before he could. He gasped at the taste and tried not to swallow but could not. The gag was tight and he had to swallow some. The taste was foil. The nurse wiped the edge of his mouth so that he was perfectly clean. No one else would know what she had done. She left the room immediately after.

Shortly after the Head Matron entered. She had the worst jobs. She placed a basin on the floor and deftly removed the butt plug. He released all he had within him and filled the basin till not one drop remained inside. In a strange sort of way he felt clean inside, as if the treatment had done him some good. She poured the basin contents down the toilet and left the room. The Doktor returned then and examined him, seeming satisfied. She removed the catheter painlessly. She then took a tall glass phial from the wall cabinet, stood beside the examination chair and pointed at the levels calibrated along the outside. He could see she was pointing at the top of the phial, at a number 20. She spoke sternly.

The coloured nurse applied lubricant to his penis and ran her closed fingers up and down his erect penis. Up and down. Up and down. He was about to come but could not yet. The blonde nurse placed the head of the penis into the glass phial and then released the metal clip on the penis. He felt his penis opened up and the nurse masturbated him faster and faster. His whole white creamy load gushed forth into the phial and more and more flowed as the nurse forced more and more out. The Doktor spoke loudly in German as she masturbated, encouraging more and more cum into the phial. The phial began to fill up. He screamed in exhaustion as he was pumped dry by the nurse who did not stop. He was milked to his utmost limit until not one more drop would flow. His body ached and his penis was in pain at the sheer effort of being completely milked dry. The medical staff stopped and the Doktor took the phial from the nurse. She was unhappy with the result and shouted at him, pointing the calibrated phial. The white mixture only came to 14, and not to the target of 20 she had required. He knew a greater effort would be required but he did not know if he would be able to meet their demands. The staff stood by him and considered the next stage of his treatment. With relief he had lost some of his sexual excitement of the examination but he knew that the medical staff had not yet reached the same point.

There would be another examination very soon.

Anonymously, Ireland



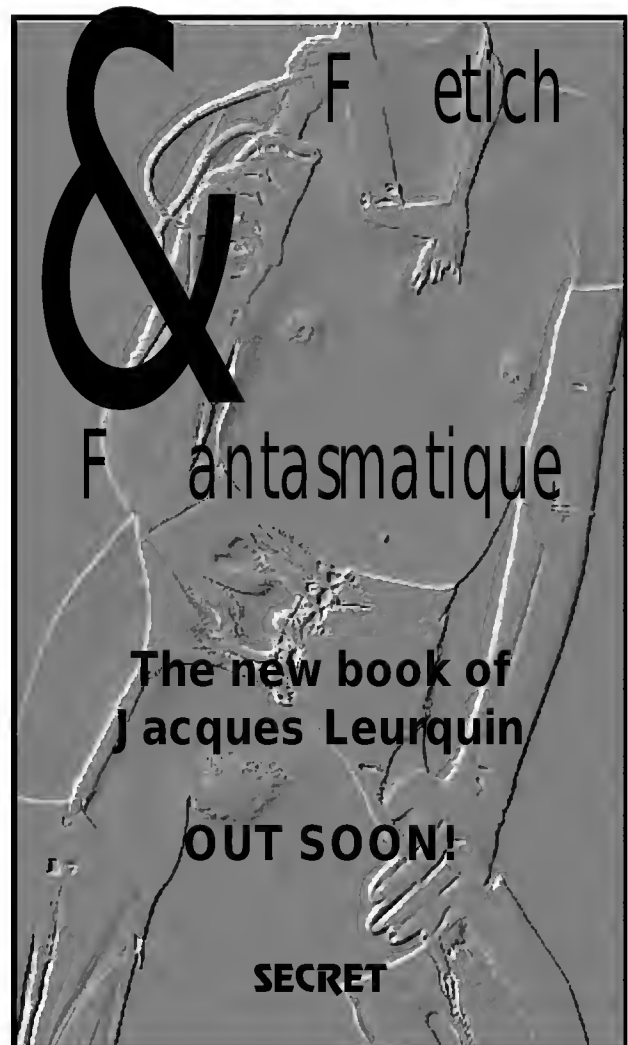
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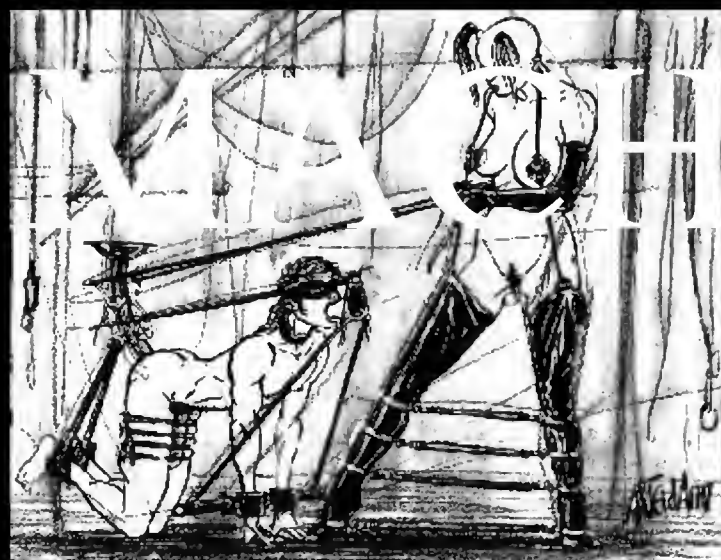


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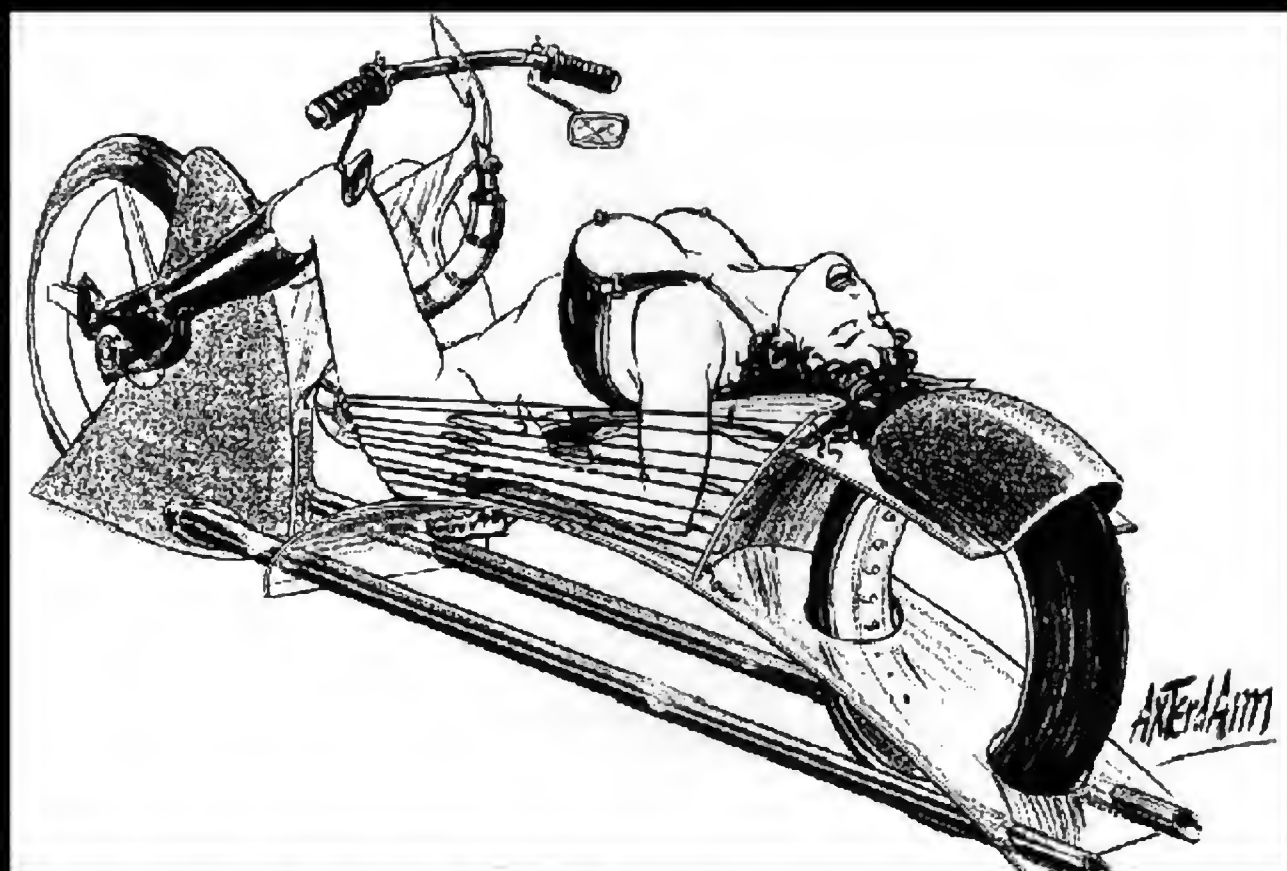
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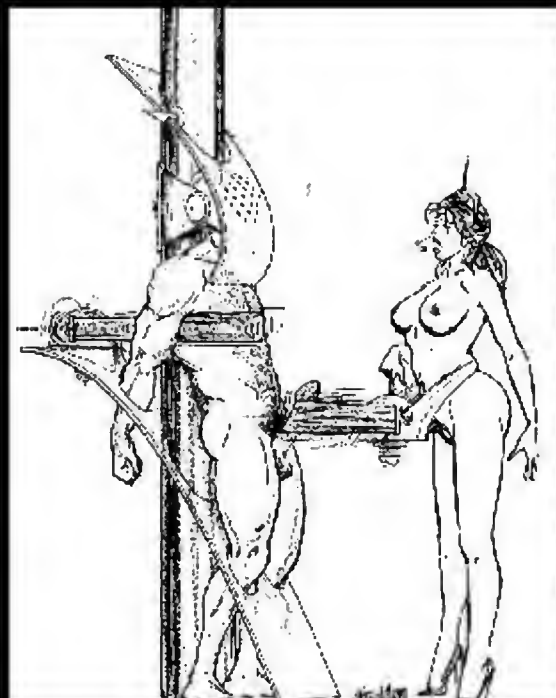
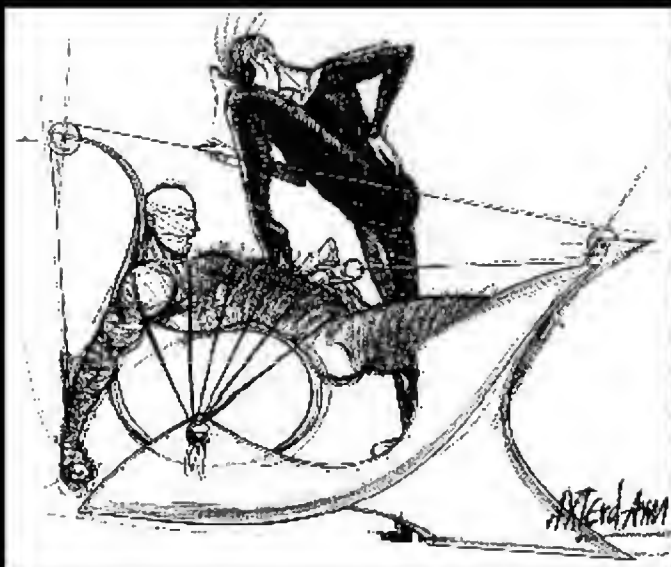


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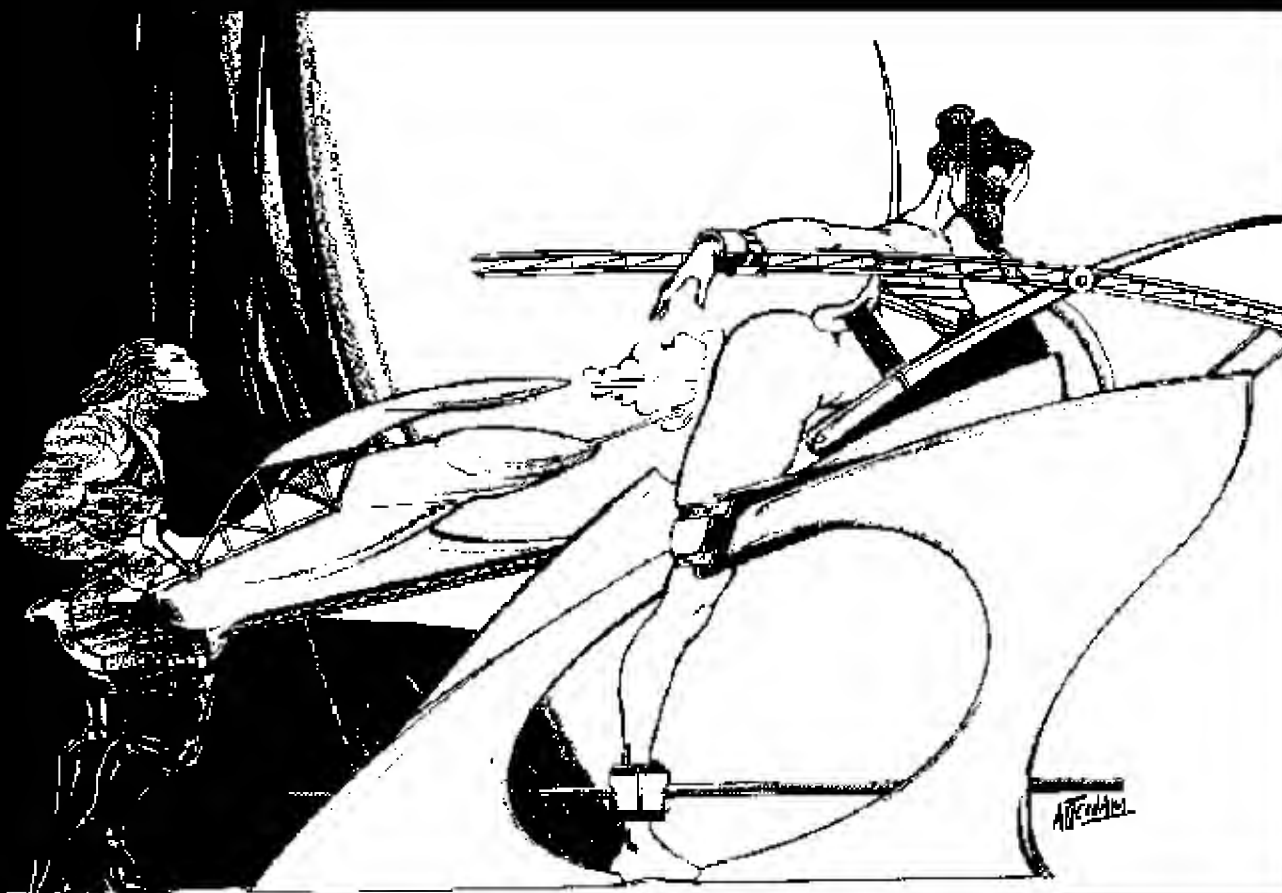
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AXTERDAM



This is our months surprise! What skills has this artist Axsterdam.... and what fantasy. Created by his imaniation, emerge these machines. Machines to make one suffer, play and enjoy the ingenious technology. He draws the technical plans also, with what type of material it's made, how long....., with detailed precision and then draws these drawings to show you it's function. The result is a book on new invented Sex Machines, magnificently illustrated by the artist. The book can be ordered in our SECRET mailorder section. Price: 40US\$/60DM



PRACTICAL INFORMATION

In every issue of SECRET we try to give you some information that will improve, we hope, your life of fantasies. We do not want to impose certain attitudes and certainly don't want you to do all these «things». But we know, from the letters we receive that you appreciate this section, so we continue. Please mail us any questions you have on SM/BD or other alternative sexuality. If you have any advice or remarks about this section, please do not hesitate to send in your text. I always love reading what you've been up to last night..

DRINKING BLOOD SAFELY

Yes, it can be done even with the aids epidemic in existence. Although, I do warn that it is not 100% safe (but then neither is intercourse).

Blood is the most sacred substance in the living body. It is that which sustains us and has been revered and feared throughout the ages. **It is said that blood is the river of life which carries the vital universal energies throughout the body.** By letting blood, one is able to unleash a great deal of power. Historically, sacrificial blood was spread out onto crop fields to promote growth. Blood has also been used to bind oaths or in a ceremonial brotherhood. Blood not only carries the magical properties of the universe, but also one's personal energy. And to share blood with another individual is perhaps the ultimate form of union - surpassing even a sexual union. Sharing blood is an intimate experience, and not recommended for casual encounters if a profound unifying result is desired.

For safe blood letting, use either a hypodermic needle or some form of scalpel blade. Clean the equipment thoroughly with bleach and then alcohol. Tie a tourniquet around the upper arm and look for a readily available vein. Do NOT slice the vein, but puncture it either with the needle or blade. The HIV virus dies within 30 seconds of leaving the warmth of the body, so allow that time to pass before drinking is begun (don't take the blood directly from the wound, but instead where it has flowed). And remember to apply pressure to the wound afterwards to assist in proper healing.

Blood letting requires a great deal of trust. It is said that taking blood from someone who is frightened will affect the taste of the blood. Communication is the key, so ensure that both partners understand what is to take place and how to take all of the precautions.

CANDLES

Using hot wax on skin (that is, dripping hot wax, usually from a candle) can be a very pleasuring experience. It's a different form of «Abrasion Play» as it causes the skin area that is affected to become extremely sensitive afterwards. The temperature shock at the moment of impact also produces an intense sensation.

Always use paraffin wax or cheap candles. Beeswax has a much higher melting temperature and can cause the skin to burn. Unless your partner wants their skin burned (not a pleasurable experience in the long run), do NOT use beeswax candles.

A good idea is to hold the candle fairly high above your intended target and allow a few drips to drop down. The farther the hot wax has to travel, the cooler it will be when coming in contact with the skin. Then you may hold the candle slightly lower until you reach a height that is comfortable for the recipient (although it shouldn't be too comfortable). Keep a glass of cold water on hand, just in case of burn.

It is also important to not use hot wax too quickly. The body requires time to assimilate what is being done to it, so move slowly with a few drips to begin with. Remember, removing the hot wax can be almost as fun as dripping in onto the skin.

INTRODUCTION TO ANAL SEX

The most important thing to remember is to take your time, it can't be approached as a goal. Relaxation is imperative both mentally and physically as the butt muscles need to be seriously loose. If you have never tried any type of anal play, then first try tonguing or gentle fingering up and down the rach and around the opening. Determine how this feels and how comfortable you and your partner are with this exploration. Because, remember some bums may simply be too tight or too sensitive to enjoy being penetrated. If this exploration was met positively, try the next steps. **Use lots of lube** and try inserting a finger, two fingers, three fingers - test the resistance. Now try the tip of the penis or dildo. Sometimes it may be best to purchase a small butt plug; become accustomed to the feel of it, and it opens up the butt and makes it more accessible. It is a very different sensation, you have to relax into the sensation instead of tensing.

The butt is normally a very tight orifice and extremely sensitive. So thus you will feel every move, every twist and turn of the finger, dildo and penis. It doesn't actually take very much to feel totally full, and this forces you to slow down, loosen up and enjoy the moment. Since the butt puts up more resistance to being penetrated, feelings of



taste of latex

being take, opened up, ravaged and violated can be particularly intense - this can be either a Pro or Contra. Be sure to discuss these feelings with your partner.

The idea that women don't like anal sex is pretty common, or that they just 'do it' for their partners sake.

Most people believe that she will need to be seduced into the act of anal sex. But it could also be very enjoyable for a woman, maybe she considers it the ultimate in doing it doggie style. But whatever the case, always be sure that if you participate in anal sex, that it be safe and consensual and remember the basic points:

- relax
- communicate with your partner
- use a tonne of lube
- don't use anything that could cut, scratch or disappear past the sphincter
- take it slow
- stop if it's hurts
- play very, very safely
- use condoms and latex gloves

Borztja

These practical advices were taken from the excellent zine «Redemption» with their autorisation. Thank you very much for this! Anyway, send them 5 US\$ for their latest issue and learn lots of little goodies! Redemption, P.O.Box 54063, Vancouver, BC, V7Y 1B0, Canada. Mention SECRET if you can...

Jürgen Boedt

The Offering

by Michelle Wilson

I remember it was late afternoon. We had spent a quiet morning, just puttering around the house, being together as partners, as friends. I was feeling tired that day.. My master must have sensed this. When it was time to start my usual chores before dinner he suggested I go upstairs to rest. He said he would prepare the meal and call me when it was ready. This was most unusual. Normally on a typical day at this time I would begin to clean the house, room by room, task by task, in the order he had set out for me. He would come when I had finished a certain task and inspect my work. Invariably there would be something wrong - something left undone, some bit of dust missed. However small the infraction, the punishment was the same. I would lay across his lap. He would lift my skirt and smack my poor bottom with the paddle he carried with him for just such an eventuality. I've been at this a while now and still my master says he despairs that I will ever become a decent housekeeper (his eyes always seem to twinkle as he says this).

But that day was different. That day he sent me upstairs to my room, free to rest or read or whatever I chose to do. Scanning the small but nicely furnished room I remember feeling somewhat at a loss. I felt too restless to read. Napping during the day always makes me feel even more tired. Perhaps a hot bath? No. I wasn't in the mood. I sat on the bed and looked out the window. I thought about my time so far in training there. At that time I had been with my master for about a month. After a trial period of about four days, he had decided to accept me for rigorous slave training. From the moment I had arrived at his country estate, my time had been very carefully scheduled. Even my 'free time' had not been without purpose. As I sat there, I mused on what he could have in mind for me now. It was lovely to just sit for a moment and let the thoughts lazily drift into my mind. I had fallen very deeply in love with my master at that point. He was in fact no longer just my trainer, he was my lover. We had even already begun to discuss marriage. I remember thinking of how I would do anything

for him. I wanted to please him. I wanted to suffer for him. I wanted to exist solely for his pleasure and his love. My goal was to reach the point where I could please him at all times. I was still far from achieving that. The constant punishments he felt compelled to administer as a result of my ineptitude were certainly proof of that. I still needed lots of guidance and I knew it must be wearing at times.

Suddenly I had an idea! What if I were to continue his training, as it were? To 'train myself in some small way?

"I will prepare myself for you," I said aloud, "an offering, a gesture of my love for you." I felt excited by this. Quickly I removed my garment. It was a soft silk sun dress. The material was a sheer, satiny white. I was not permitted undergarments at the time. The dress fit close to my body and really served to accentuate rather than conceal my form. I folded the dress over a chair. Now naked, I walked over to the large cedar chest in the corner. I had never actually opened it before, even though it was in my room. But of course I had dusted and polished the outside many times. Kneeling before it, I felt the smooth grain under my fingertips. Resting my cheek against the soft cedar, I inhaled the bouquet of musty wood and lemon oil. I had seen my master open the box countless times to withdraw some instrument of pleasure or pain. He had never expressly forbidden me from touching it. Still I felt a little thrill of fear as I dared to touch the clasp that held the lid down. The well-oiled lid opened noiselessly. I looked inside and my eyes widened. Oh! To see it all there. The things he had used

on me, one by one. To see them laid out neatly side by side. There were several whips, of course. There was the soft flogger with fifteen deerskin tails. I instinctively touched my bare bottom as I recalled the heat that sweet whip brought to my cheeks and thighs. There was the black braided cat which tormented my flesh on so many occasions. And there was the riding crop, its small rectangle of torture and pleasure resting neatly in that treasure chest. I almost fancied I could feel its stinging





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kiss on my sex and nipples. And there were the cuffs and the manacles. Leather, fur, steel - all there to bind me and keep me helpless for his pleasure. They lay open, ready to be clasped onto waiting wrists and ankles. There were numerous phalluses and a harness to hold them in place when necessary. I did not like these. And that nasty little plastic plug that he had occasionally inserted into my ass, there it lay, looking innocent and harmless. And there were the nipple clamps. There were several pairs, some with padded tips, some of cold steel. Each set had a pretty silver chain holding the clips together, like a lovely little necklace. Also in the chest were several of my collars. Most were of soft leather, in varying widths. They had little adornment, just a ring or two aptly placed to tether me wherever or however my master saw fit at the time. I had not yet earned the jeweled collar he had promised me when my initial training was complete. Oh, how I longed for that day! The old grandfather clock downstairs in the front hall struck the hour at that moment. It snapped me out of my reverie. I had to hurry. He would be calling me for dinner soon.

I took out several items and lay them on the bed: the handcuffs, a large phallus and harness, and the silver nipple clamps which had no rubber tips to dull the sensation. I also took out the soft black silk blindfold. It had the scent of my perfume on it. My eyes were drawn back to the chest. There was one final item I had omitted. That little anal plug, that dreadful little plastic piece of humiliation, lay there waiting for me. I shook my head in a silent no, and then stopped. What better testament to my love for him than to add it to my little inventory? That small sacrifice would make the offering slightly sweeter, I hoped. Gingerly, I lifted it out as well and lay it beside the other items. Next, I went to my bureau and took out a pretty pair of stockings. They were black thigh highs with pretty lace at the top. I carefully put them on, drawing them up, one leg at a time, over my arch, past my ankle, up my calf, over the knee to mid thigh. I made sure the lace sat prettily on my leg. I next put on a pair of black, suede heels. My body

would stay bare for this offering. Then I dabbed a drop of his favorite perfume behind my ears, on my thigh, on my arch. A bit of red lipstick next, to bring out the contrast with the black silk which would soon adorn my face. My hair was an unruly mass of dark curls. I swept it up into a french twist and put in two pins at the nape of my neck. Walking back to the bed, I picked up the phallus I had chosen. I licked it and kissed it. I made oral love to it. When I was satisfied it was slick enough, I squatted there by the bed and carefully inserted it into my pussy. I held it in with my vaginal muscles. Then, hesitating, but just for a moment, I picked up the anal plug. Wetting it with my saliva, I pressed it into my bottom. Absurdly, I felt myself blushing even though I was alone. I took the harness then, and placed it around my waist, cinching it as tight as possible. I attached the leather strip down my belly, up between my legs, to assure the phallus stayed in place. Standing, I picked up the clamps. Opening one of the clamps, I attached it to my nipple. The pain was excruciating for just a moment. Then my body adjusted and I was able to tolerate the tension, the grip of the small teeth. I attached the second one. The chain hung between my breasts like a cross laying in the cleavage of a widow at Mass. I lifted up the cuffs, feeling their hard weight in my hands. Their cold unyielding steel. Taking them and the blindfold to the window, I lay them there on the table.

That table was my whipping table. It was long, about six feet, and tall and narrow. I turned round and hopped up, using my arms to pull me on to it. I had briefly considered making the offering to my master on the bed. But I had decided the impact would be greater on something less comfortable, less yielding to my flesh. I carefully wrapped the blindfold around my head and secured it as best I could. And then I was ready for the cuffs. I held them in my hands for a moment. There was no key in the little lock. He had a key chain which I believed held the key. Trusting he would eventually release me, I continued. I got into my chosen position - on my knees and elbows. I snapped the cuffs shut round my wrists. The click almost seemed to echo in the quiet room. I leaned down and pushed my head through the opening so that my wrists



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were now cuffed behind my neck. This forced me forward so my face was touching the table. What have I done? I thought to myself. I tried to remain very still and to imagine the picture I must present. Clad only in stockings, heels and a blindfold. Nipples hard and now a dark pink from the clamps. My full breasts hanging with a swaying chain between them. My wrists shackled behind my head. Bent and bound, with my stuffed and strapped buttocks and sex fully exposed. I was well aware of how awkward I must have looked. I only hoped he would see the grace in the gesture. My elbows were beginning to ache when the door opened at last. I heard him step inside. Perhaps he was planning to wake me with kisses, as he often did. He spoke then. Just one syllable, "Ah."

I wanted to move, to somehow react to him. But I did not. I tried to stay perfectly still - to give myself to him as an offering. A gift ready to open and use as he pleased.

I heard his light step as he walked over to me. I felt his hand touch me on the back. I flinched ever so slightly. His hand was cool and firm. How I loved his touch. I wanted to wriggle into it. "My love," he said. "I am overcome. I am moved beyond all measure. I accept this offering in the spirit I know you have made it. I am proud to have you, to own you, my darling."

I flushed with pleasure. All the discomfort I was feeling at the moment vanished. I wanted to jump up and laugh with joy. Of course, I was immobile, blind, still. I didn't even smile. I had thought this over carefully. I didn't want to betray my pride. I wanted to remain humble and there solely for my master's pleasure. Now with both hands he ran his fingers up my flanks, across my buttocks. He touched the strap. He knew what it held inside of me. He moved under me, feeling the clamps. He pulled slightly on the chain and I moaned softly. He dropped the chain and stepped back. I

heard him moving about. I heard his clothes dropping to the floor. He came round in front of me and offered his already hard shaft to my willing lips. I felt his perfect erection pressing into my mouth. I was overjoyed! Until then, he had never offered himself to me thus before - so quickly, so completely. He, then, was making an offering of himself, in his own way, just as I had offered myself to him in mine. Eagerly accepting his gift, I took him in as far as he'd allow me. I kissed and sucked and nibbled his sweet flesh. I wished I had the use of my hands. As I was kissing him I became aware again of the ache in my elbows, of the cramping in my legs. I wobbled a bit and strained to keep my balance. I am certain he was aware of my predicament - he was infinitely sensitive to my every condition. Yet he did nothing to steady me. He understood that this was a test for me. To help me would be to diminish what I was offering to him - myself, completely of my own free will, and of my own strength. Instead he grabbed my head and slowly began to fuck my face. The rhythm was hypnotic. I started to sway with him. My sex was full but still aching for him. He pulled away then and left me, mouth open, seeking his sweetness like a little bird. I felt his hand on my neck as he removed the two pins that held my hair up. I shook my head a bit to let the curls fall free. He went round behind me and expertly removed the harness. "Push out the phallus," he said quietly. I did so at once, hoping against hope he planned to replace it with something much more lovely and satisfying. He did not disappoint me. Before he entered me he gently withdrew the anal plug. My master said nothing but I know he understood what it meant for me to place it there. He climbed up behind me on the table and eased himself into me carefully. I felt his wonderful shaft moving in me, filling me to the hilt. He thrust into me in a lovely cadence. I felt his heavy balls slap my ass. My shackles were all but forgotten as we did our sweet dance together in approaching ecstasy. I half expected him to stop, as he so often did. To withdraw and re-enter slowly, driving me to the point of tears with frustrated desire. But that day there was no tease. He was all kindness and passion. He continued to fuck me hard and perfect. We moved together toward that wonderful swirl of orgasmic release. As I felt it rising in me, I whimpered, "Please, may I... may I..."

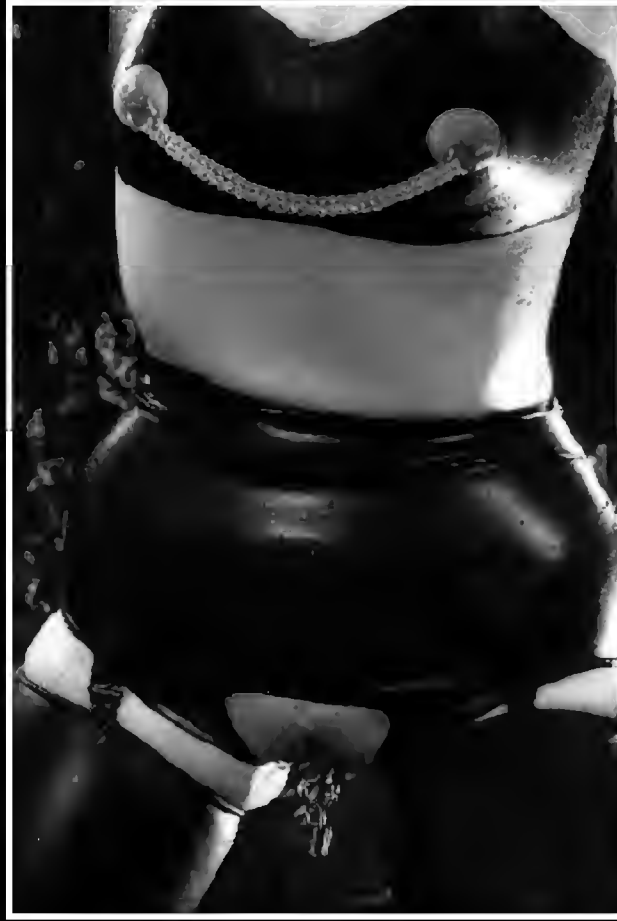
I couldn't quite get the words out. It was too wonderful. Even in this he was yielding: "Yes!" he said, "yes! Come now my angel, come with me!" He held my body tight as we cried out together. After several minutes, as our breathing returned somewhat to normal, he lifted me up and lay me on my back on the bed. My master untied the blindfold and kissed my eyelids. Then he produced the little cuff key from the chain in his pocket and released me. Lastly he removed the clamps - quickly but gently. I moaned low as the feeling returned and a burning pain invaded me. But his sweet lips and tongue were on my nipples then, kissing, licking, caressing, smoothing away the pain. I was so full of joy at that moment. So full of love that I laughed out loud. He laughed with me and we collapsed in an embrace. I have never left his side since that day, twenty eight years ago.

Red: You, our readers, please send in your text and if it's any good, you may get published. Maybe you just have hidden skills for you to discover or maybe you just need to express yourself... Looking forward to your most kinky fantasies. ~ grin

Todd Friedman



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MANUAL FOR SLAVES

Introduction

Welcome to the fascinating world of B/D and SM. The word sadism has its origin in the name of the Marquis de Sade (1740-1814), the first person to have written systematically about people who experience pleasure by inflicting pain on others. The term masochism is derived from the name of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1836-1895). He described people who got their pleasure from being maltreated, dominated or obliged to suffer. There is a strange connection between sexual pleasure and a certain degree of pain, every human being is excited by the mixture. There are plenty of examples in literature, the Bible for instance. SM enthusiasts are quite normal, they are simply clear-headed individuals who have experienced the benefits of domination in their relationship or outside of it. When two consenting adults commit themselves to each other in such a relationship and respect the previously agreed limits, this cannot be termed "wrong".

There are many degrees of SM, varying from simply doing the housework to severe punishment with the whip or riding crop. Each slave is different and the Mistress may adapt to his wishes. Many people are scared of getting involved in the scene because of what they've read in certain ill-informed publications. Some people's ignorance can be very destructive and the gutter press regularly exaggerates: slaves being whipped with barbed wire! This is pure fantasy! Many of the scenarios, which are so satisfying for the two parties, pass off without a single lash of the whip! The authors of these articles have never been slaves, have never taken part in a session and are writing these stories for money or to boost their circulation with a «shocking» subject! The aim of this series is to inform you. We will try describe the reality to you in the coming issues.

There are a great many possibilities for relationships: spouses, lovers, friends, relationships with professionals or simply acquaintances with interests in common. 99% of slaves are not single. Many of them are managers, people

in positions of great responsibility who want to swap roles and take «orders» for once. Some of them do it because of having had very domineering parents or very strict teachers. But whatever the reason for your being interested in a session, read the following pages, you might like it.

We have no innate knowledge and nothing you read here should be taken literally, it's up to you to improvise and to give free rein to your imagination. Only then will you find what you're looking for. Don't overdo it and you will find unimaginable pleasures and sexual sensations!



Finding a slave

One of the best ways of finding a slave is to place a personal ad in a specialist magazine. The ad should state clearly what you expect from your slave. Always ask for a stamped, addressed envelope (s.a.e.) for the reply. If one is not enclosed, do not reply. It's not a bad idea to ask for a recent photo and a telephone number. The replies to your ad are forwarded by the magazine, which does it very discreetly. The slave will not know your address unless you tell him it. You will get lots of answers, sort them out and answer the ones that grab you straight away. A short note is enough, but don't forget to mention the reference number of your ad, so that he knows who is replying to him. At this stage do not divulge any

information to him: only when and how he can contact you. If tell him to phone, state several days and times when he can call because not everyone is free to do so all the time. If he phones you, you can get an idea of what he's looking for. If you are interested, make some notes - it could be useful. It's best to determine the limits and the sort of punishment that he wants or that suits him immediately. If he is married, you will need to make sure that you don't mark him. In some countries - where it is not forbidden - it is possible to be paid for this service. In this case, the Mistress doesn't come right out with it but, rather, hints at a reward or present. If



she is paid, she demands her reward before the session. The most widely used method is for the slave to kneel down when he comes in and offer you his tribute, whether he's holding it in his mouth or not. Make him treat you as well and demand chocolates, champagne or other little extravagances - this, obviously, according to your slave's means. When you know him better, require him to do little things, like putting on tights or nail varnish before coming to your place. At any rate, always give him precise instructions.

Find ing a Mistr ess

Don't go too far afield because in your circle (family, friends or acquaintances) there is certain to be someone who is attracted by the idea of dominating another person. You can let yourself be dominated by your wife, your lover or your secretary, but if you are thinking of someone else, do it gently and take precautions. Bet on things you can't win and do the housework for a week, for example. By constantly going further, she will feel her domination grow, something which she can't fail to appreciate. Buy some non-vulgar fetishist magazines like *Secret Magazine*/ *Zeitgeist*... and leave them lying around discreetly, but where you can be sure that she won't fail to notice them. If she looks at them, discuss the matter with her and see how interested she is.

There are lots of ways of submitting yourself. Reply to personal ads in specialist magazines. In some countries, the advertisers will often be professionals and you will have to make a «contribution». Above all, don't despair. Sooner or later you'll find what you're looking for. Write a neat, frank letter explaining clearly what you expect, don't be coarse, always enclose a stamp for the reply and make a good photocopy of a nice photo. Never tell her to phone you, she won't do it. Beg her to contact you and give your telephone number. Allow several weeks for the reply, because the magazine has to forward your letter, which can entail some delay. If she writes to you, she will give you instructions: follow them to the letter. Be honest in your dealings and don't tell stories because once the session has started she will know immediately if you have been lying. Both parties can agree on certain points which each will respect. Be on time, as many dominatrices punish slaves (though that's what some slaves want!). If something crops up to prevent you seeing her, phone her. After all, she might be able to change her schedule and see you another day. Talk about the things you prefer or about the material you like to use, there's a chance she might tell you to wear them. Be clean, you expect the same of her. Your mouth will probably be dry and nervous - if not, it's because she's

failed to do her psychological spadework properly. Don't expect normal sex, because a dominatrix who does it isn't a real dominatrix. You are there because that's what she wants, you are there as her property for a specific period, the pleasure is for her, not you. Think about this.

The start of a session

A successful session depends largely on the ability of the Mistress and the degree of understanding between the two parties. Many sessions are psychological.

Remember the key words:

- 1) Frustration: Make yourself desirable through your costumes and your actions. You must be sensual. Drive him mad by rubbing yourself up against him, use your voice in a mysterious, sexy way (without exaggerating), but never let him touch you. Never give him what he can see.
- 2) Humiliation: Make him lick your feet, kiss your bum. Never miss an opportunity of telling him how ridiculous or stupid he is. Humiliate him as much as possible, allude to his physical defects and above all mock him at every opportunity.
- 3) Pleasure - pain: For every little pleasure which you grant him, punish him severely, matching the degree of pain. Pain when he serves you, when he masturbates, even when he licks your boots!
- 4) Sex: Increase his desire to boiling point, then give him a cold shower. Keep your gloves on when playing with him. Order him to masturbate but never let him ejaculate if you haven't ordered him to do so. It can happen that the slave cannot contain himself, punish him severely, that will teach him, and he'll remember it at the next session!

Weave these four threads into your session and you have every chance of succeeding. Never shout, give your most serious orders in a calm voice and with a little smile. Try to tie him up or to gag him as often as possible. If you do it



well he will be your plaything, writhing helplessly in the face of this unknown ecstasy.

Your man will be very nervous. If he isn't, you need to intensify the pre-session. When he knocks at the door, on time or not, tell him to wait a few minutes. Waiting is a great weapon, use it. It's obvious that you need somewhere private, no children, dogs or any other disruptive elements. The lighting should be dim. Place your equipment where he can get a good look at it, especially the bondage gear and your riding crop or whip. If you want to dress him up specially for the occasion, put him where you can watch him whilst he's getting changed. It doesn't matter whether you're beautiful, fat, petite, black or white, he's expecting a dominatrix and you must do everything to create that impression. Your clothing must be erotic without obvious nudity. Let your hair hang loose or tie it into a ponytail. Lots of make-up gives your eyes a catlike look. At any rate, it's a cat and mouse game. Your clothing must be black: bodice or bra with a see-through negligée, a small slip with stockings and suspender belt, gloves (often long) or a latex or leather catsuit with see-through patches at strategic points, thigh boots or other high-heeled shoes (obligatory), gloves and a corset, waspie or wide belt will make a different woman of you. Some dominatrices prefer small masks and a cape. It's up to you, of course, to make yourself into THE dominatrix. Pick up your whip or your riding crop and you are ready to receive your slave.

Once he has come in, order him to get down on all fours and kiss your feet. Sit yourself down comfortably and look at him for a few moments before ordering him to get undressed or changed. When he's ready, look at him severely and make remarks about his corpulence or his clothes. Anything to make him feel ill at ease. Don't forget that he doesn't know what you are going to do with him! A naked slave feels incapable but a slave in bondage even more so. If you decide to leave him naked, order him to squat and tie his hands behind his back. If he's dressed, you can do the same thing. Move and sit somewhere else and order him to crawl over to you and lick your boots whilst you ask him: Who am I? What are you? Why do you come to me? What are the duties of a slave? Tell me what will happen if you don't obey me?

It's very effective to play with his testicles with the tip of your shoe or with your riding crop to excite him whilst you are questioning him. When you have gone through these questions, you can continue by asking him even more embarrassing ones.

How often do you masturbate? Describe your girlfriend's

pussy in detail. Etc... It's your imagination which counts here. Whilst he's answering you, you might want to stick his sex to his stomach with adhesive tape or to tie a piece of string to it and pull it back between his legs. The testicles of a man who is afraid or cold pull up closer to the body in a protective reflex, so that these preliminaries are essential to relax his attributes and increase his sexual desire so that he begins to want you. Some dominatrices have precise rules. Tell him them before you have him come to you or make him repeat them one by one during the session.

Rules and regulations

Every dominatrix has her own rules and regulations for her slave, who is liable to punishment if they are not respected. Make your own small list or use the ones described below and adapt them to suit your mood. Do it at the beginning

of the session so as not to lose too much time. Once your slave knows you, he will know your rules by heart.



1) Lay down how he is to address you: Mistress, Your Majesty, Madame, My Queen or with a pseudonym.

2) Never use his real name, give him a nickname: swine, doormat, dog... or change his name: Henry becomes Henrietta and Paul becomes Pauline etc.

3) Every time you snap your fingers or clap your hands, he is to rush and kiss your feet.

4) He is always to salute you by kowtowing and keeping his eyes on the ground when you enter the room.

5) He is not to speak without having first asked permission.

6) He is to crawl when moving from one spot to another.

7) Never let his head come up higher than your knees.

8) He is not to look you in the eye but to keep his eyes downcast.

9) No intimacy.

10) No smoking.

11) He is not to say «sorry» when corrected but to admit his fault and ask to be punished.

12) He is to thank you for punishing him.

13) He is to bring you your things, such as whip or riding crop.

14) He is to avoid touching you, even by accident.

15) He is not to complain.

16) He is to greet any visitors by kissing their feet and introducing himself.

17) He is to keep himself clean at all times.

18) He is to keep a list of all his misdemeanours.



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- 19) He is to send you a written review of the session within three days, including a request for the next session.
- 20) He is to wear a mask because by definition a slave is ugly. (not always...)
- 21) If something gets dropped, whether by accident or not, he is to pick up the pieces with his mouth, not with his hands.
- 22) He is to go down on his knees when his Mistress enters the room and to stay in that position until he receives orders to the contrary.
- 23) He is not to move if his Mistress is not in the room.
- 24) He is not to masturbate without authorization.
- 25) You have the right to change the rules as and when you like.

The Mistress-slave relationship

The relationship between slave and Mistress is entirely dependent on a good understanding. The slave-Mistress relationship varies from country to country and, naturally, is specific to the character of the dominatrix. The slave should not be allowed to get the idea that he is equal - at any time. If it looks like that's about to happen, put him in his place immediately. You can ask him: Who am I? What are you?

Depending on the type of relationship, a couple can make the session last all day or just a few hours. Some men live out their submissiveness round the clock. They get a bit of pocket money, must be at home whenever She comes home, do the washing-up dressed as a maid, serve hot chocolate and look after her 100%. He can only go to sleep if She authorizes it, sometimes tied or chained up. On certain occasions, the Mistress is going to take her slave to meetings or have herself driven into town by him. At such times, the slave can appear normal, but under his clothes he must always have something which reminds him of his submission. Suspender belt and stockings, a ring or

a chain on his bare skin, with a padlock. He must wait for you in the car, you can handcuff him to the steering wheel - and don't forget to take away the car keys and his cigarettes. Normally he will still be there when you've finished at the hairdresser's or with your business. In the restaurant, try to make his life hell, for example by putting too much salt on his food or by playing with him under the table with your foot without his being allowed to show it. He is to push the trolley in the hypermarket. You can also paint his nails red and send him out to buy some bread, without gloves of course. Send him to the drugstore to ask for pink condoms in the smallest size available. Embarrass him as much as you can. Use your imagination, reverse the roles completely and you'll see the face he pulls!

I've kept the most important part till last: neither party is to intrude on the private life of the other. The slave must never try to see the Mistress outside of their sessions and the Mistress must respect her slave. This means, among other things, not rummaging through his clothes and making sure that you do not leave visible marks if this might cause problems for the slave in his everyday life.

To be continued in the next issue of SECRET MAGAZINE

These are just suggestions, leadings who may trigger something in you, so don't take it too serious, the play must stay fun. That's the most important, how important it is to you, how serious you take the game, stay cool. May your spirit go where no spirit has gone before...

Jürgen Boedt



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L aura G raff

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The Lure

A CENTURY AGO THE WORD (BONDAGE) COMMONLY APPLIED TO FORCED ABDUCTION, KIDNAPPING, UNDER RESTRAINT, OR SLAVERY. WE READ IN THE BIBLE THAT THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL WERE SOLD INTO BONDAGE, WHICH MEANT IN THOSE DAYS SLAVERY UNDER THE PHARAOH, UNDER THE LASH. TODAY, HOWEVER, THE WORD (BONDAGE) HAS MANY COMPLEX CONNOTATIONS, PARTICULARLY THOSE IN THE FETISHISTIC AREA OF BEHAVIOUR. FOR THERE IS NOW A FETISHISTIC QUALITY TO BONDAGE WHICH RELATES DIRECTLY TO SADOMASOCHISM, SINCE ITS RAMIFICATIONS USUALLY INVOLVE EMOTIONAL PENCHANTS WHICH DIRECT EITHER TOWARDS THE INFLECTION OF SUBJUGATION AND ITS CONSEQUENT PAIN AND HUMILIATION OR THE REVERSE ATTITUDE, NAMELY, EAGERNESS TO ENDURE PRECISELY THOSE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS.



Bondage

The first time that a person was ever tied up with a rope probably occurred the evening of the day that rope was invented. Bondage has been with man a long time and will stay until the nature of man changes. Yet with so many people practising bondage or wanting to, it has been my experience that most people don't know how to bind another person. And, I think that you'll agree with me that there's no use in tying someone up if they aren't really helpless! Bondage must be real. With this in mind I would like to give a short lecture on the art of bondage from the basic positions to some of the more advanced.

BASIC POSITIONS

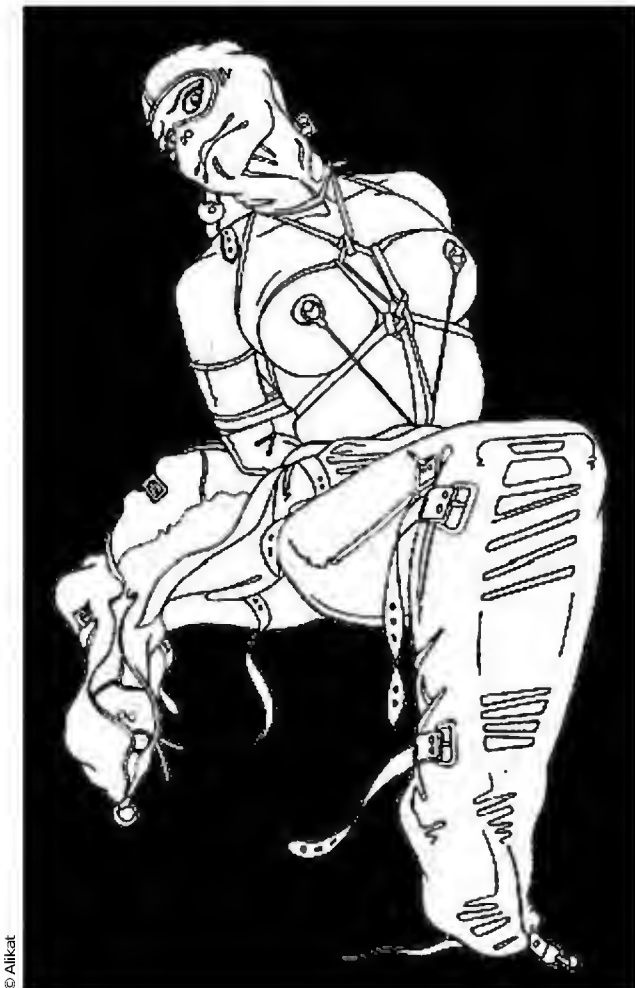
In describing different techniques of tying a person I will often make reference to a "slip loop". This is very simple but very important to the art of tying. You take one end of the rope and bend about three or four inches of it back along the rope. This will form a loop in the end of the rope. Run the other end of the rope through this loop forming a bigger loop which can loosen and tighten easily. This loop can be put around a pair of wrists or ankles and tightened to start the binding. If you want to make someone helpless there are two major considerations: the arms and the legs. You want to prevent the subject from being able to move and from being able to free him or herself. The arms can be tied either in front or in back of the body. In general unless you have something special in mind it is better to tie the hands behind the back because this gives much less freedom and makes it much harder to escape. There are four ways to bind the hands behind the back depending on how long you want the person to stay helpless and how much discomfort you want to cause. The most often used is simply to cross the wrists just above the butt and wrap rope around the wrists both vertically and horizontally. The rope must always be tight, a loose rope is the best way to lose a subject. This simple way will provide a fairly secure

method of binding the hands and will be comfortable for long periods of time.

The second way is to place the inside of the wrists touching behind the back and tie them. This is reasonably secure and a bit more uncomfortable, but the major advantage is that it is the beginning position for tying the elbows together behind the back. You pull the elbows as close together as possible and tie them. With the arms bound from the wrists to the elbows the subject is very secure and in a very uncomfortable position. With the shoulders pulled way back the head is held up and the breasts are pushed out at right angles to the body on a woman. This is very good when you want the subject to feel helpless because after about ten minutes the strain begins to get to the subject and after a half hour is really painful.

The third position is very comfortable when you want a person to lay on their back. The forearms are placed along each other behind the back with the left wrist near the right elbow and the right wrist near the left elbow. You then tie each wrist near the left elbow. You then tie each wrist to that elbow with the arms pulled as far that way as possible. This will prove really secure if the wrists can be tied to the upper arm just above the elbow. The fourth position is the most painful and should be used only when you want maximum security without concern about how the subject feels. You force each arm behind the back with the wrist pulled up as far toward the right shoulder as it can go. When this has been done the wrists will be crossed high on the back. You tie them together then run some rope from the wrists up around the neck and back to the wrists. This is to keep the wrists from being pulled back down the back. This makes the subject very helpless and after a half hour or more also in pain. If you should want to tie someone's hands in front of them there is one important fact to remember; the ropes around the wrists can be worked on by the teeth unless they are tied somehow to keep them away from the mouth.

There are two main ways of keeping the wrists from the mouth. The first is to tie the hands to the ankles or some object and the second is to tie the hands to the subject's neck. If they are tied under the chin and tightly to the neck the subject is helpless. O, in The Story of O, was left with her hands bound to her neck overnight after having been sexually excited. The most unpleasant part was that she couldn't even touch her own body. There is one more way of binding the hands but I'm not sure if it belongs to the in-front or in-back group. The wrists are crossed in front of the body so that the palms are facing upwards and tied. The wrists are then pulled up and over the head. A strap or rope is run around the torso just under the breasts on a woman or just under the armpits on a man. A rope is then run from the wrists down to this strap and pulled taut to hold the wrists behind the head. This creates a very comfortable position but one that makes the subject feel very helpless. The legs present a little less of a problem since there is really only two ways to tie them. They are

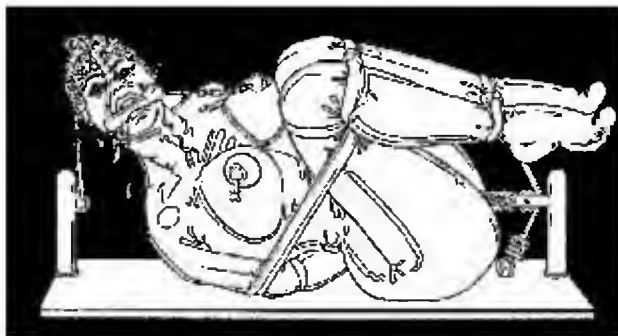


either together or spread. If spread they must be tied to something. If together there is little variation. The ankles may be side by side or crossed. Beyond that there is really only one more variation and that is to bend the knees so that the feet are pulled as close to the ass as possible. In tying any part of the body there is one factor that usually makes all the difference between a good job and a half-assed effort that the subject may escape from. This factor is what I call the cinch loop. When ever you wrap some rope around any two things, two wrists, two ankles, an ankle and a bed post, etc., you should always wrap a few loops of rope at right angles to the main rope binding the two objects. When the wrists have had rope wrapped around them run some more around the rope just finished through the wrists. This will tighten down all the ropes used and prevent them from moving or loosening. I use cinch loops and every bondage expert that I know uses them too.

ADVANCED TECHNIQUES

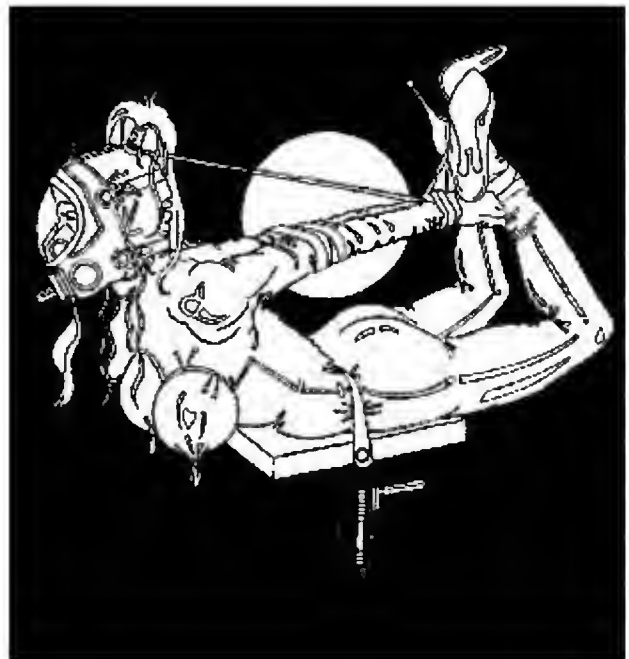
Some of the more advanced techniques are to be used only when you want the maximum helplessness. Some of them also are rather painful and therefore must be used carefully. The first is called the "hogtie" and is quite simple. The wrists are tied behind the back and the ankles are tied together. A rope is then tied to the wrists and run down to the ankles. When this rope is tightened the ankles and the wrists will be pulled together until they meet. This creates a very strict bondage position. The subject is extremely limited in any movement and usually in pain because of the strain. The ankle and wrist ropes are much tighter than normal. The advantages to this method are that it doesn't take large amounts of rope, it is simple and fast to do and it prevents the subject from moving without actually tying them to anything.

The most common form of bondage used is without question the "Spread Eagle" position. In my correspondence with bondage people around the country and the world most admit that this is one of their favourites.



As with the hogtie it is very simple but has many advantages. The subject is laid down either on the stomach or on the back and each limb is tied in a different direction. If a bed is used (and it usually is) you just tie each ankle and wrist to a different post or bed leg. In this position the legs are wide spread and the whole body is open for viewing or whatever. The subject has a good dose of that helpless feeling and so long as the knots are kept away from the fingers and the limbs are pulled taut the subject is quite helpless.

Among those who love to experiment with bondage and to try to find methods that make the subject feel more helpless, there is a technique known as the "ball tie". The idea is again

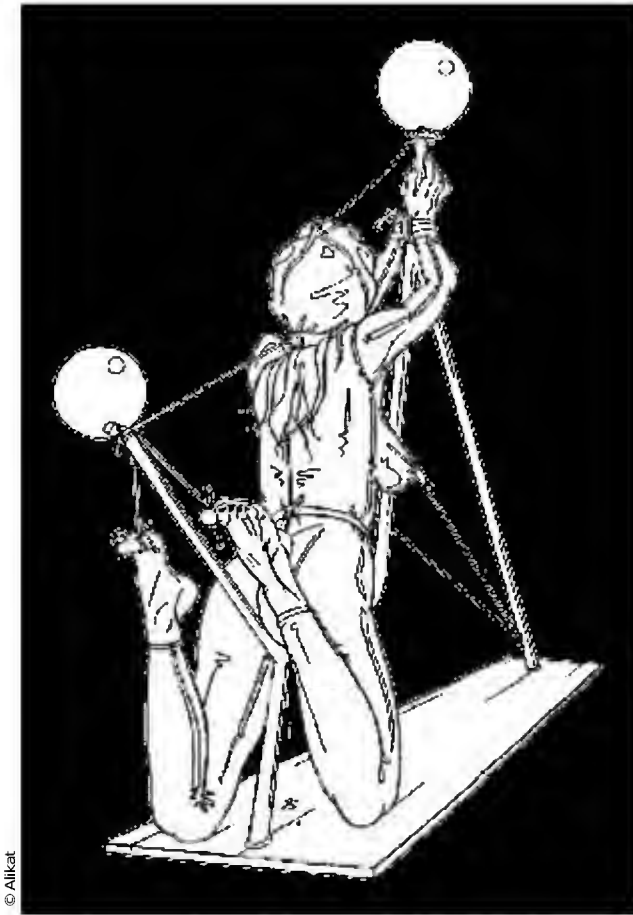


quite simple, just force the human shape into a ball and hold it in that ball. There are two ways of doing this. The first is to sit the person down on the floor and cross the ankles. Pull the ankles in towards the body so that the knees are bent upward and outward. Then take both wrists and put them under the knee and with the wrists touching the ankles on each side. You can pull the wrists forward until they are as close as possible in front of the ankles. The wrists are then tied together and the rope also wrapped around the ankles and the whole thing tightened with several different cinch loops. This makes a helpless ball of the subject that will stay where they are put. This position has another advantage that is not obvious at first. If the subject is tipped over so that he or she is on their knees and head with the ass held up in the air and the legs are pulled apart, they are in a perfect position for a spanking or anything else you might dream up. (I'm sure you'll think of something)

The other form of the ball is with the hands tied behind the back and the ankles tied together. The knees are then tied together and a rope ties the knees to the neck as tightly as possible. This forces the body to bend in half. A rope is then fastened to the ankles and run through the ass cheeks to the wrists. When this rope is tightened the body is forced into a compact ball. No movement is possible and the subject must stay where put. This can be painful after an hour or so but if done carefully doesn't have to be. I once knew a young couple who enjoyed being tied up so that they were both tied the same way. One afternoon they spent over five hours both bound into a ball this way and both completely nude. They had no complaints after they were untied, in fact they wanted to do it again the next day.

SUSPENSION

One technique that must be done carefully is suspension. Anytime that a person is completely or partly hung by any part of the body there can be much pain or even harm. Suspension must be done carefully but can provide some of the most exciting bondage positions ever devised by man! There are so many techniques that I won't attempt



to describe them all. A person can be hung by the hands, the ankles or a combination of them. The hanging can be completely off the ground or only partly. A favourite of bondage experts is to raise the subject's legs off the floor until the hips are just off the floor then secure the rope. This leaves the subject in a helpless and very tight position with only a little movement possible. It does not, however, cause the blood to rush to the head the same as completely suspending a person will. This problem can be very serious and care must be taken as it can cause ruptured blood vessels in the head and if left for a long period even death.

There are two special methods that can be used when you want a man or a woman to feel really tight bondage. For a man you bind the arms and legs in one of the positions already described then make a slip loop with a new rope. This is then put around the penis and the ball sack at the base of the penis and tightened. The other end of this rope can be tied to another part of the body or to a stationary object like a door knob or a bed post. The man tied like this must be very careful about how he moves. Very careful!

A similar version for a woman is to bind the hands behind the back then make her stand with the legs spread wide. Wrap several loops of rope around the body and the wrists tightly then tie this rope to the wrist rope. Run this rope down through the ass cheeks, under the body and up through cunt lips. Circle the ropes around the waist and return via the same path. Make sure that the ropes are very tight. It is better to tie the final knots in front of the stomach since the woman can see it there but not get at it in anyway. You can now put a dog collar on the woman and lead her around by a leash or you can finish binding the legs. Whichever, you should make her move around as much as

possible. The rope through the crotch will cause her a great deal of pain and sexual excitement at the same time. I have left a woman tied like this only to return hours later to find that she had used the crotch rope to excite herself to a climax!

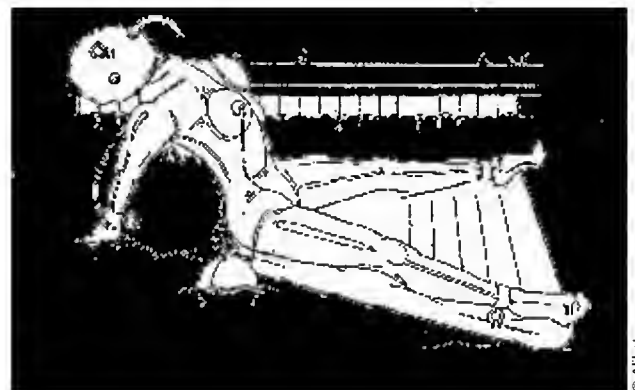
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

There are many extra pieces of equipment that can be used to bind a person ranging from handcuffs to specially made leather suits that hold the subject in a cocoon. Handcuffs are widely used because they are easy to get and they provide very secure bondage. They are fast to put on and take off and generally impossible for the subject to remove. A pair of good handcuffs can be bought for about four dollars at any number of novelty stores, war surplus stores and even toy stores! Some speciality shops dealing in leather goods will make bondage equipment as a side line. Leather cuffs that lock on the wrists or ankles, in a special position, and gags and helmets are some of the variety that can be gotten from these stores. Also a wide variety of spanking straps and whips. Some of these stores have mail order department. Looking through their catalogues can be an interesting experience. It can also give one many new ideas.

A final note should be made about gags. The purpose of bondage is to make the subject confined and helpless. A gag will add much to this purpose but it is hard to make a gag that really works. The neck tie or simple piece of tape you see on television or in the movies just doesn't prevent much. They can be pushed out with the tongue easily unless they are very, very tight. Even then they do allow some sound to be made. A strap with buckles in the back that can be tightly secured around the head is best if you also use something to fill the mouth. A good substitute that can be easily made by anyone uses a neck tie and an elastic bandage. You use the neck tie or a nylon tied tightly around the head through the mouth and between the teeth. Then wrap the elastic bandage around the neck tie as tightly as possible. This makes a very effective and reasonably comfortable gag that can be left on for hours.

I'm sure that I've not covered all the different techniques but I do hope that I've been able to give you a few new ideas, be you a beginner or an expert. Happy tying!

Subscribe to Secret! Why not?



THE STORY OF MR. BLOWUP

By Bill Cobbett

Jürgen has asked me to tell you all the story of my alter ego, Mr. Blowup. Like many people, he'd seen my pictures in various magazines, and my web page, and wanted to know more about my interest in inflatable rubber/latex clothing.



I'm 43 years old, and live with my wife in a small town just outside London. For most of my adult life, I've been what the experts would call a rubber fetishist, and this has been one of my 'hobbies' along with reading, music, travel, and preserved railways. Many people who like

rubber or latex will readily explain that they have been attracted to its feel, and the way it stretches to fit the body. It's not quite so easy to explain the appeal of wearing something inflatable, but I would say that to add to the tactile qualities of the material, an inflatable outfit will squeeze you all over, and even offer a degree of restraint, which can be exciting in itself. Inflatable hoods have the additional property of muffling sound, and sometimes restricting vision, thus cutting you off from the outside world. An inflatable bodybag with a hood attached will leave you totally immobile and unable to communicate. My wife has me put mine on when she wants to do some studying without distraction. Sometimes she puts me in it anyway, and teases me by rubbing the outer skin, or sitting astride it. She has not tried it yet, but it

is only a matter of time, and then I can get my own back! Unlike many fetishists, I cannot link my passion for rubber to any specific event in my life, but I have always been attracted to shiny materials, and even as a boy I liked to see people in PVC or leather coats. I was also attracted to inflatable toys and paddling pools, the latter often appearing in my fantasies in exaggerated form, such that the sides were high enough to trap me inside. I liked to hold plastic beach balls against myself, and once mutilated one in my attempts to make a crude hood. (I had a difficult job explaining to my parents why the ball had been cut up!) In the late sixties and early seventies, fetish shops as we know them today simply did not exist, and rubber garments were normally sold by mail order through discretely worded adverts in magazines and the Sunday newspapers. The adverts were ostensibly for mackintoshes or incontinence pants but everybody knew what else these firms were selling, and it didn't take long before I sent off for price lists. I knew nothing of rubber garments then, but my curiosity drove me to ordering a pair of rubber knickers from a firm in Buckinghamshire. I had to have them delivered to my place

of work, as I could not risk them going to my parents' house, where I lived at the time. However, once I finally got to try them on, and felt the smooth rubber against my skin, I knew that this was the ideal material for me. Nothing else had the tactile properties of rubber or latex, and later on when my income permitted, I was to buy more garments. When the early fetish magazines like *Atomage* appeared, I discovered other suppliers of rubber items who offered more sophisticated things like catsuits and bodybags. Later still, specialist shops started to open, and I was able to expand my collection considerably. I was pleased to find that some makers were supplying inflatable items, and so I was able to satisfy some of my early fantasies with blow-up catsuits and hoods, and later with restrictive items like inflatable bodybags. It was also possible to order things to my own design, which has enabled me to have some unusual items made, like an oversized inflatable hood 60 cm wide, and another hood with a zip down the front that opens to reveal a different-coloured hood inside. I was wearing the zipped hood one evening at a fetish club, and gave a quick demonstration of it to a TV crew from CNN who were present to interview people about alternative nightlife. I never saw that programme, unfortunately, but someone who works with me saw it, and although he was too embarrassed to say very much about it, I got the impression he was slightly jealous of my TV appearance!

The two firms that have been most helpful with the supply of my inflatable requirements are both based in the UK. I had no idea how many inflatable items were available until I saw their lists, and I have a number of items from both suppliers. I was a bachelor until fairly recently, and although I had a number of girlfriends, very few of them were interested in rubber so I normally followed my fetish alone, fantasising about buxom latex-clad ladies who would join me in a number of bizarre rubber scenarios involving inflatable outfits. I had no-one to help me in reality





bondage, especially where breathing may become difficult, or movement is restricted. After many years as a single man, I was lucky to meet an extremely broad-minded lady who apart from being the perfect match has also turned out to be a rubber fan herself, not only willing to help me with my fetish activities, but also to take part herself. Whereas most ladies look at rubber garments from a fashion point of view and will not try anything out of the ordinary, my wife is quite happy to wear inflatable suits and hoods, in addition to normal suits and dresses. In fact, within a short while of meeting her, we were attending the fetish clubs and events in London. We have quite a large collection of rubber now, ranging from the conventional (!) items like vests and shorts up to catsuits of various types and colours, two long capes, a rubber maid's dress, two long dresses, and red and black high-heeled rubber boots. Our bed has a black rubber sheet on it, with two rubber pillowcases. We also have of course, the inflatables, including an inflatable total enclosure bodybag, several hoods, and a catsuit I have been able to modify some items to suit my requirements, but my ultimate aim is to make my own stuff from scratch, but making rubber garments is not easy, and we have made only limited progress. I have a few ideas for unusual inflatable items but ultimately I suppose I'll have to find the money and get them professionally made up. One of the next things I'd like (and I think my wife would too) is a giant rubber airbed, which would be 2 m on each side, and 1m high, with a cover that would zip up just leaving my head outside. It would have to be made of quite heavy rubber in order to contain the pressure needed to support the body.

We've just bought a latex weather balloon that blows up to 3m diameter, and that is rapidly becoming one of our favourite things, as it can be used in so many ways, whether fully or partially inflated. My next project is to find a way of being inside the balloon when it is inflated, so I need to devise some sort of airtight opening that I can get through and close after me, together with some means of remotely controlling the means of inflation. I suppose the simplest method of achieving that would be to shout out "I'm ready, darling, you can blow it up now!"

I was fortunate to find a group of inflatable enthusiasts on the Internet, and this has been a useful source of ideas, and new places to get rubber items. I think there are quite a lot of people into inflatable rubber, but it was not easy to make contact with them until the Internet took off. As more and more people join the Net, the ones with specialised interests are finding each other, and those that are just browsing are coming across things they'd never dreamed

of! My web site has had nearly 8000 'hits' in the first few months on the Net, and I'm getting a lot of E-mails from people who've seen it and want to know more. We've made new fetish friends on the Net, and those that have come to London have visited us, and seen our collection. One American who came over not only brought his own inflatable suit, but begged to be put inside my inflatable bodybag for an hour, which he enjoyed immensely! We actually went to the recent Skin Two Rubber Ball wearing our inflatable suits, and I think we were the only people dressed that way in a crowd of nearly 3000! Another couple have offered to sell us an inflatable double-skinned ball big enough for one person to get inside, which was on my 'must have' list after I saw one in a showroom some while ago. Like the bodybag, this is an item that should not be used alone, as there is little or no movement possible once it is inflated, and breathing is restricted to a small tube through the skin of the ball.

As for the future years, as a married man I now have other priorities, such as the maintenance of a house and two cars, and the purchase of computer equipment for our web design consultancy, which means that I cannot spend as much as I'd like to on our rubber collection. Like thousands of other people in England, we firmly believe that one day we'll win the lottery jackpot. Unlike them, however, we won't squander our money on houses or cars, we'll spend it sensibly on the most comprehensive selection of rubber things my imagination can dream up, probably making a few suppliers very rich as well!

If you can browse the Net, come and visit me on http://www.netcomuk.co.uk/~antje_c/blowup.html or E-mail me at antje_c@netcomuk.co.uk

The End!



R eaders L etters

This section is your place, readers. These text have been sent to us by our readers who lived (maybe) their fantasy and let us know about it. We are not made up by professional writers who invent the stories, just for your pleasure! We are a reflection of what you/us have lived, a reflection of a different lifestyle, a reflection of reality... Write us, let us know what you think about the magazine, I love it, even when your criticize. It's the only way to improve. You may also spurt some new idea's....

Jürgen Boedt

Hi Jürgen,
It's been awhile since I dropped you a line, I've exchanged quite a bit of faxes with Donna of Artware. Thanks again for the intro. I'm expanding my discography and maybe I'll try to get myself a radio show at one of the local stations if any of them will have me.

Issue #11 is beautiful, as usual. But I guess I'm not having much luck with mail from Belgium! It arrived as if it had been laid in a wet spot on its way over here. So it's a bit skanky! Quite crinkled and stained actually. If you can spare another one, my library shelf sure would be eternally grateful. *(it's on its way... wrapped in rubber)*

Saw you mentioned Eros Comics. Here's another cool catalogue which now also carries photography as well, including the Anthology. I told SQP I'd send you one.

The article on gray alien jump suits reminded me of how I got into all this in the first place, years ago, the day I walked into Tim's office at Skin Two after his second or third issue in London and showed him a piece of fabric called BION 2 which I thought would revolutionize fashion. Just my luck, the company, which lacked vision, and BLON was only a bleep on its plate, went bust! But not after I designed a jumpsuit made from the material and tried to find a manufacturer for it. It's now called something else, TECO-COAT I think. It's a membrane which you line inside lycra to make it water proof but that stays breathable. It was developed as synthetic skin for burned victims and feels like smooth snake skin to the touch. I fell in love with the stuff. Tim made a short mention of it in Skin Two, #4 or #5, I forgot, but improving the quality of fetish fabrics still hasn't turned the corner. I've always wanted to write an article on how the fetish eruption gave natural rubber plantations a new lease on life in Malaysia, but I can't get companies to cooperate. They don't see the environmental angle the way I do. I could press on if I had more resources to do it. Maybe I can get some of the nouveau riche upstart hemp industrialists to fund an investigation of rubberwear. My intention is not to cause any trouble, it's to indeed create and develop these "perfect" thermally variable skin suits you've only seen in sci-fi. I spent 3 months studying at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York in the mid-80s just for this. It's been a dream of mine for decades. The technology is there, the electronics, the power supplies, the computer controlled insulation, etc... There just hasn't been one company yet which has put its money where its mouth is about creating such a thing for real. Think of the market! Just for starters, all the bike messengers, all the

skiers, all the surfers, etc... one skin with variable temperature controls. Outside you turn it up, inside you turn it down. No more coats, no more putting stuff on, taking stuff off. Just the shape of your body! I had the senior designer of the NASA space suit on my team back then, but he was let off after the shuttle went boom taking the school teacher with it! I still have a file "this thick" of ideas, contacts, drawings, concepts, schematics, etc... you name it. Probably a bit obsolete now that so many years have gone by. But this cute article by this young woman in this New York "zine" reminded me of what I once had tried to do. I say meet these creatures on their own terms. And they'll be our equal, instead of them just being a figment of our creative unconscious. Am I making sense?

I got De Mentia, alias Tom Sutton, to agree to put Buffy in a picture with GM's EV1 electric car. It's gonna make a splashing T-shirt! If you know any fetishists with an electric car, let me know, I want to interview them and put their picture in the magazine!!!

I'm looking at Tabby. I met her in London years ago when she was still platinum blonde and sold her clothes at flea markets. I thought she was so cute! I gave my camera to someone who shot us together. I have it somewhere, but I remember it came out quite out of focus. I think I was too tall for her. I'm six four! she's a tiny little thing isn't she? Did she ever get into films? Did she ever want to? Enjoy. Remy C. - CT, USA

Secret: You've read it, my friends! Are there any fetishists with an Electric car? Write to Secret and we'll transmit your letter. OK? And if any of my readers have a tissue company or dig this idea of new rubberish material, contact us, and we'll pass it on. Personally I think it's a great idea...

Can you imagine that I do not have enough stories for the next issues of Secret?

Can you imagine that you are not sending me anymore hot stories?

What have you been up to? I would like to know...so send me your stories, fetish desires, and become a part of Secret!

I'm counting on you...

Jürgen

PERSONAL THOUGHTS AND RAMBLINGS OF A FEMDOM

by P. Sheeba

The harsh Canadian winter is here once again. The white snow has now become a mountain at the backyard of my home. I have just returned from a trip to Berlin, and it is eight a.m. I am in bed, reminiscing over last night's passionate scene with my husband. I had missed touching his skin, grabbing his nipples, savouring them once again in my mouth. I had missed seeing his body tremble under my watchful eyes. I had missed dominating him. Now, I am back to my world. I know that he is all mine, just as I am the only one for him. I turn towards him. I hug him with an immense love emanating from my whole being. Then I order him with a firm voice: "I need my morning coffee now."

Who am I?

Some of you have already read my published true stories and have had glimpses of my scenes in written accounts. The few of you who have met me personally know that I steer far from the pretensions of most typical femdoms. I am a dominant married female for whom the femdom scene represents a special mindset and attitude coming from within the individual. I do not need to be clad in boots and leather to make my subjects tremble when I enter a room. If I dress up in fancy fetish clothes, I choose to do it to please myself, not to please any subject of mine.

What are Domination & Submission scenes for me?

D&S scenes are very individualistic and are usually defined on the basis of each person's individual experiences. I discovered over the years that even my own definition of these scenes evolved and changed. Though there are many good books written about D&S, I find that the more I play the scene, the more I see that there are no set rules

(other than rules of safety) about it to engrave in some kind of worldwide instruction manual.

D&S games are like a dance. One can dance with multiple partners or with one alone. Each experience will be unique. Some of them will be well choreographed, and others of them will not bring the desired results. But if there is a special spiritual connection with a partner, you will end up with the kind of great scenes that seem to reach Nirvana. Over all, if both partners are playing the scene for enjoyment only, then both will reach a high level of inner fulfilment and spiritual self-discovery.

Many wonder, coming from the vanilla world, how someone can administer pain if he or she loves the subject. At the beginning of my S&M journey I faced this dilemma myself. The answer to this question lies in the mind of the masochist, and today, after nine years in a committed love relationship, I find I can enter the mind of the masochist only when I undergo his or her experiences. If it is well administered, the pain can turn into an incredible physical pleasure with the release of endorphins. For this to happen, the dominant should become the best reader of the subject's bodily reactions, and a mind reader quite knowledgeable in human psychology.

How one can become a mind reader?

This can happen only over time after one gets to know the submissive subject in depth. Maybe that is why in nine years of scenes, I have never accepted any subjects as mine unless my husband and I became friends with them and knew them for a minimum of seven months before any actual ownership and scenes happened. For this slow process, one needs a patient submissive who is loyal and mentally ready to be owned by the dominant. Impatient submissives are a dime a dozen, and there are many willing doms who spend their time in search of this type.

Who is a submissive subject?

The answer to this question varies from individual to individual. I can only speak for myself in what I see as a desirable submissive. I search for a certain inner class in my subjects. This does not necessarily mean a large pocketbook. For me, owning someone isn't related to any dollar sign. I am not a pro Domina. Inner class can't be



purchased-- it is gained through early childhood experiences.

I like a certain honesty with an open and kind heart from my subjects. The scene for me is quite an emotional investment. I have no time for fake people hungry for attention who use the scene only for personal gain. I can't stand selfish submissives. They have to be emotionally free, secure individuals and completely ready for me to own them. They have to be ready to deliver their whole self to me only. This takes time and a special kind of personality.

All my subjects are well respected human beings in their everyday lives. They are intelligent and have integrity. For me a slave is a valuable asset. They are, in a way, my "toy gems" for me to treasure within my heart. I own only a few, but once they are mine, I enter their minds, souls, and bodies. From there on the mutual voyage begins.

I am not an elitist, but I definitely know what I am looking for in the scene as a femdom. The scene for me is the most

unique ritual of belonging. It is a wonderful spiritual journey which I am very thankful to have been introduced to by my loving husband.

About the author:

Princess Sheeba paints, sculpts and writes. She has been a fashion designer and buyer for the past fourteen years. Today her articles and stories appear in various international publications. Sheeba is the creator and the editor-in-chief of Le Fer Rouge Magazine's European Edition. To get to know her and sample her scene philosophy you can also visit her personal web site:

<http://www.st.rim.or.jp/~tku/PrincessSheeba/index.html>

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Fetish Ball IV was advertised as a tantalizing pandemonium which tuned out to be a fitting description. 2,200 delicious bodies dressed to the hilt showed up to fill the Variety arts Center, each with their own brand of kink Queens, Mistresses, Masters, Leather Daddies, Dykes and (of course) slaves paraded through the four floors in a dazzling array of visual stimulation.



The two dance rooms had sexy undulating patrons fraternizing with hot go-go boys and girls. Walking through one could observe small Scenes unfolding. The fetish market place was a lavish display of fetish gear clothing and body art with Black Eagle Leather, Dometrius Iron Works and Yoni Tattoo, just to mention a few.

In the theatre were a plethora of exciting performances. Mistress of Ceremonies, Sarah Jane Hamilton, entertained the crowd between performances which began with Sabrina Belladonna dressed in a stunning metal corset designed by Varla Vortex and Dometrius Iron Works with her wheel of misfortune, a large and intimidating piece of equipment also made by Dometrius Iron Works. Next came a tantalizing fashion show by Catherine Coatney Designs using many of our local lovelies from the female owned and operated Velvet Underground dungeon. Then the ever fabulous, ever spectacular Ron Athey & Company with Ron's special flavor of erotically demented performance art. Closing the event was Duchess DeSade pounding out pseudo techno sounds that accompanied what is always a saucy and enticing S&M stage show. For more information on the next events write to: Fetish Ball, P.O.Box 1307, LA, CA, 90078, USA.

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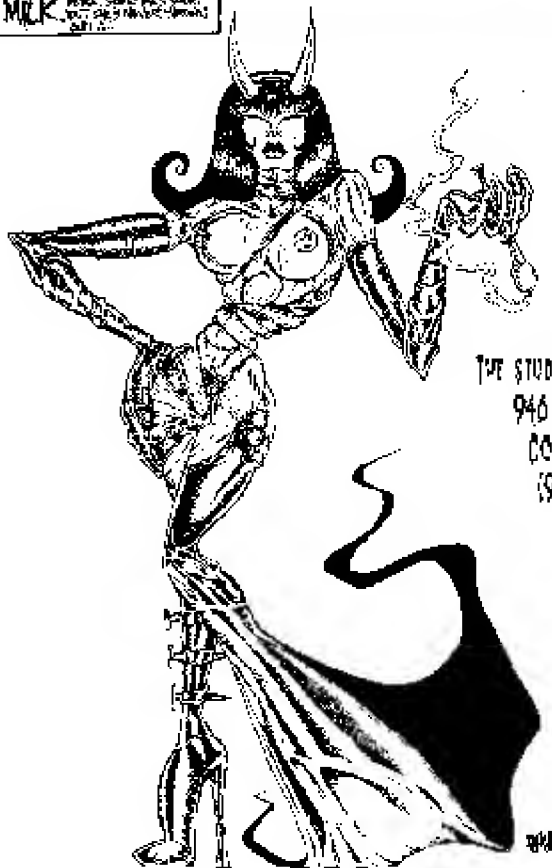
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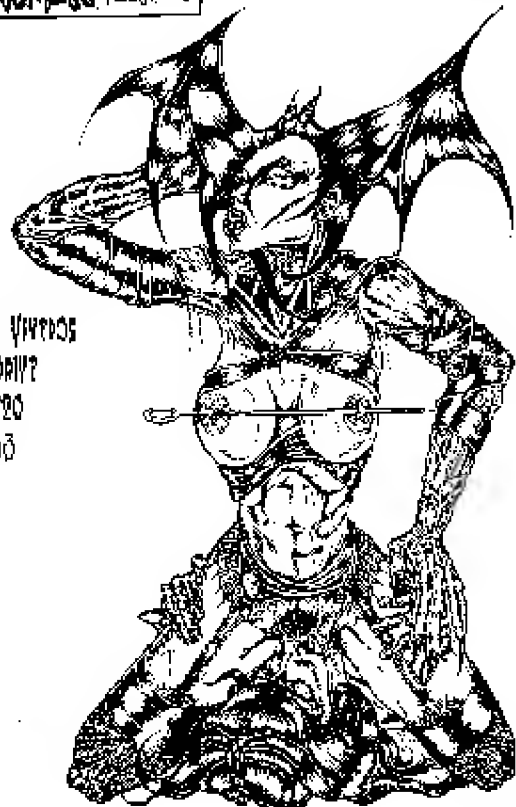
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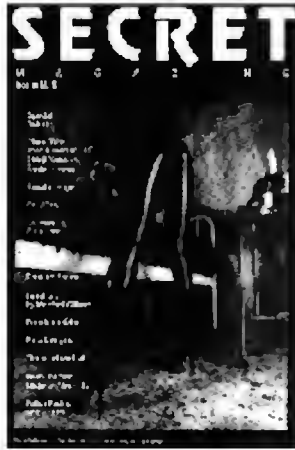
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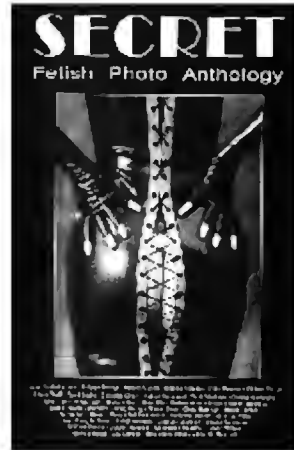
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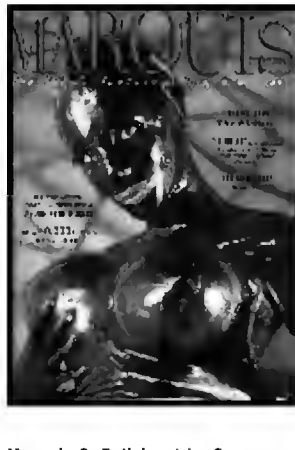
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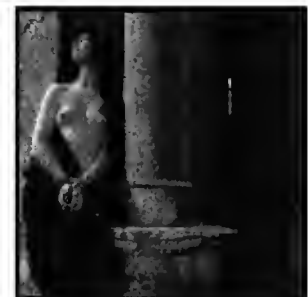
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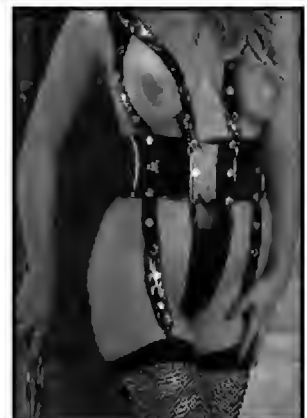
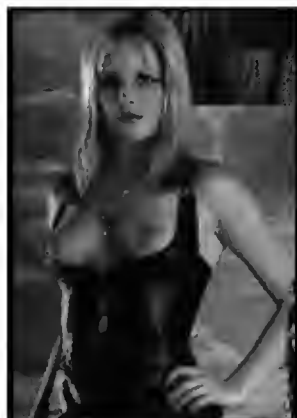
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